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THE story that the President has promised France a permanent diplomatic alliance is clearly more inspiration than truth. Somebody's mind has got itself twisted in assuming that Woodrow Wilson is about to come home saying: "I present you with the Covenant of the League of Nations. It is designed to protect all nations against aggression, whether great or small. You may guess what I really think about this project, of which I am the chief sponsor and the nominal author, by the fact that I am now proposing a regular old-fashioned military alliance with France as the only real way to protect that country. We have had a pleasant time in Paris. I got my League. M. Clemenceau got his balance of power. My League, you will remember, is a disentangling alliance. The one with France is the usual entangling alliance. We are both disentangled and entangled. We have been thoroughly sportsmanlike as you see." The story is absurd on the face of it, but what of Mr. Swope's despatch to the New York World dated April 23rd: "A French official today confirmed Wilson's statement of a separate alliance among France, Britain and America. It is intended to bridge the gap between the signing of peace and the League of Nations' operations. President Wilson will offer the treaty to the Senate." This is pure mystery, we must confess. Just what gap is to be bridged is an important point. Is it the gap to the time when the League is ratified by all the belligerents or by all the invited belligerents? Or does the gap extend to the first regular meeting of the executive council at Geneva? The wisdom of the move would be more than doubtful in any case. If it is just a matter of allaying French fears for a very few months, it is after all not a very vital matter when the utter impotence of Germany is considered. But if the period of the alliance is fixed so that it can be extended for more than a few short months, it will automatically reestablish a policy of armed alliances on the Continent and Mr. Wilson will come back a defeated man.

THE most important decision made by the Peace Conference since President Wilson returned to Paris is its decision to send no armies into Russia and to send food and medical supplies instead. Replying to a proposal made by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen for the organization of a neutral Relief Commission, the Council of Four declared a willingness to cooperate "without any thought of political, military or financial advantage." This is a new spirit. Russia is to be given the two things she most terribly needs: food and a contact with the rest of the world. If the Allies hold to this decision, if they do not invalidate it by intriguing with the Kolchak and Denikin governments, and if they will sanction the importation of agricultural machinery and other manufactured products, as well as food, then they will give Russia a start toward the recovery of her industrial and social order.

IT is no surprise to be told by an Associated Press dispatch that Messrs. Sazonoff, Lvoff and various spokesmen of the Kolchak and Denikin governments are opposed to the idea of sending food into Russia. But if these gentlemen are fearful of what may result from treating Russia humanely, no one else need be. For if economic assistance enables the Russians to revive their industry and restore civil liberties we shall not have to worry about what government is in power. If, in the process of revival and restoration, a new government is created by the Russians themselves—well and good. And if the Bolsheviki are still there, and have survived the revival and the restoration, it will be because the Russian people want them there. We shall have no reason to be alarmed if the Russians actually get a genuine chance to settle their own affairs.

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ASIDE from his statements in respect to Russia, there was little of first importance in the speech Mr. Lloyd George made to the House. He defended the slowness of the Peace Conference in reaching its decisions; said there were no serious differences among the Allies; said there were differences so serious that they "almost imperiled the peace of Europe while we were sitting there"; and ended with a long attack on Lord Northcliffe. Of course this last point is in itself a considerable event in British politics. The British press seems to agree that on the whole the Premier's speech strengthened his position, at least temporarily.

CLEMENCEAU, too, has won a parliamentary victory. On what amounted to a vote of confidence, the Chamber of Deputies gave his government a vote of 360 against 126. A Paris correspondent of the New York Times says that two facts will shock the French people when they hear the peace terms: France does not get the Saar Valley outright, and Germany's reparation is to be smaller than the country hoped. What will happen? A member of the French Foreign Office tells this correspondent that the next election will be a great Socialist victory. Why? Because the political leaders of France have stirred up extravagant hopes; have made promises that facts won't allow them to keep; and have sought to substitute for domestic reform a programme of external aggrandizement. If the latter alternative fails, the people may turn more quickly to drastic reorganization at home.

IN Italy the situation continues tense. There have now been strikes in all the principal manufacturing cities in the North. Of material needs the sharpest is for coal. Without fuel for the railways there is danger that food will not be moved from the port terminals. Moreover, many factories are now near the end of their fuel supply, and if they close down there will of course be more unemployment to make matters worse. The Supreme Economic Council announces in Paris that steps are being taken to meet the need for coal. But coal alone will not save the situation in Italy. Liberal leadership is quite as necessary. Only a radical reconstruction of domestic affairs will save Italy from a series of industrial upheavals.

THERE is much discontent in various parts of the British Empire. In Egypt, after a short period of apparent quiet, the Nationalists are again active. There have been strikes in Cairo. In India there is a "passive resistance" movement against the Rowlatt act, intended to suppress seditious conspiracy. Several hundred people have been killed, when mobs defied the proclamation forbidding public meetings. Finally, in Ireland there have been strikes at Cork and at Limerick, as protest against the proclamation of martial law in those districts. There has been no disorder. Meantime Mr. Bonar Law announces that it would be a mistake to think that home rule will be put into force in Ireland immediately upon the declaration of peace.

MORE than a thousand Koreans have been killed, in independence riots, and Japanese troops are on their way to Korea. But apparently it is all a mistake. "The present trouble in Korea," says the Japanese Consul General in San Francisco, "originated with a group of religious associations, some of which are Christian, and with certain students who, unfortunately, bewildered by political ambitions, misunderstand the term 'League of Nations' and misconstrued it as meaning 'self-determination.'" Still another argument against the League.

SIX powerful French trade unions have set May first as the day for a demonstration of their solidarity. On May first no member of these unions is to go to his work. Carrying out this promise will paralyze France momentarily. For the threatening unions include the railway workers, the miners, the metal workers, the dock workers, the sailors and the general transport workers—and between them they can tie industry in a knot. Possibly their declaration was one reason why the French Chamber of Deputies passed a bill several days ago, without even the formality of a roll-call, establishing a national eight-hour day. Will this radical legislation, which a few years ago seemed far off in every country, satisfy the French trade unions today? If the unions go ahead with their demonstration, May first will disclose what an enormous power lies in the hands of those who can bring the commerce of an industrial society to a stop.

THE Chamber of Commerce of the United States is balloting on a set of thirteen industrial principles which have been recommended by a special committee. Some of the thirteen principles are only pious axioms that will not go far towards meeting industrial unrest. But, particularly because the committee is made up solidly of manufacturers, lawyers and bankers, it is an interesting sign of the times to find in the programme such recommendations as "the right of workers to organize is as clearly recognized as that of any other element or part of the community" and "the right of every man to an opportunity to earn a living at fair wages, to reasonable hours of work and working conditions, to a decent home, and to the enjoyment of proper social conditions."

WHAT the Chamber of Commerce is considering does not go far, when it is compared with the new programme of the Illinois Labor party. That programme wants a maximum working day of eight hours, a minimum wage, equal pay for men and women doing the same work, abolition of unemployment by reducing hours, if necessary—and, when that device fails, insurance for the worker when out of a job, the development of cooperative exchanges, a tax on land values, and the restoration of free speech, a free press and the rights of free assemblage. The party also takes a plank from the Farmers' Nonpartisan League. It wants public ownership and operation of the mines and of all public utilities, including insurance companies, banks, grain elevators, warehouses, stockyards and abattoirs.

MR. R. W. FRANCE, brother of that Republican Senator from Maryland who has been one of the most active opponents of the League of Nations, has brought back from England a statement which he says was made for him by the Executive Committee of the British Labor party. The statement criticizes Mr. Wilson's Covenant sharply. A

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great coup for the Republicans? Let us see. Chief among the objections of the Labor party to the Covenant are the facts (1) that it hasn't been made possible for Germany and Russia to enter the League at once; (2) that it leaves too much chance for the institution of compulsory military service; and (3) that it does not establish universal free trade. The Labor party statement is an interesting piece of criticism. But what earthly use is it to a good Republican?

THE steam-roller won, in Albany. Last week the Democrats, with the aid of a few insurgent Republicans, succeeded in putting through the Senate a group of bills providing for state health insurance and the establishment of a minimum wage and an eight-hour day for women and children in industry. But the Republican stalwarts in the lower house blocked further progress of the legislation and forced an adjournment. Liberalism has had a setback. So has the Republican party. A modern Machiavelli would not have been able to arrange a better demonstration of the complete bankruptcy of the Republican party under its reactionary leadership. Governor Smith, the Democratic minority and the Republican insurgents come out of the struggle with added prestige.

SEVERAL months ago Dr. Louis Levine was suspended from the faculty of Montana State University because, despite the Chancellor's disapproval, he published a clear account of the way the Butte mines are dodging taxation. Now Dr. Levine has been reinstated. But the State Board of Education, while returning him to his position, did nothing to censure the act of the Chancellor in suspending him. As a result we are no nearer a settlement of the question of academic freedom than we were before.

THERE is a new motion picture called Bolshevism on Trial. In the Moving Picture World of April 19th there are given to possible exhibitors certain novel suggestions about the roads to publicity: "Run an extra show at night. Have a special showing for school children. Work all of the crowd stunts. Then put up red flags about town and hire soldiers to tear them down if necessary, and then come out with a flaming handbill explaining that the play is not an argument for anarchy." So far it reads like an American Defense Society leader being psycho-analyzed. But the motion picture people are shrewder. "Have the bills ready printed, that you may get them out quickly," it warns, "or the idea may boomerang. Work out the limit on this and you'll not only clean up, but profit by future business."

THERE is some evidence of a shift in labor ranks toward the idea so long championed by the syndicalists, the idea of organization along industrial lines rather than in separate craft groups. Signs of this tendency can be found among the clothing workers, for instance, and the miners and iron-workers. In Canada the movement is more definite. The Western Inter-Provincial Conference of Labor, with delegates representing most of the unions in Saskatchewan, Alberta, Manitoba and British Columbia, has recently voted unanimously in favor of breaking away from the old craft organization and working for the formation of industrial unions. Heretofore the strong labor groups have had little use for the unskilled worker. He is a drag on the better paid workman, when it comes to strike benefits and pension funds. He has been left to the I.W.W. But where there is organization along industrial lines the barrier between skilled and unskilled has usually been broken down.

HOW does a land look where the scourge of Bolshevism is upon it? The British White Book on Bolshevism, recently issued, pictured the collapse of industry in Central Russia. The linen industry, it said, is 50 per cent of normal, the woolen trade 60, coal production 60, the cotton mills running at 70. Can we visualize this? Have we any estimate of affairs in our own land that gives us the basis for a comparison? Yes. The National Manufacturers' Association, comprising about 4,400 industrial establishments classified in 22 groups, has just completed a survey of business conditions in this country. Of the 22 groups, sixteen report business as being from 25 per cent to 50 per cent of normal. Being a race of believers in all that we read in the newspapers, the comparison between Bolshevik Russia and Republican America would simply seem to be another amusing illustration of the way that figures can mean nothing.

A TRADE Union College has been opened in Boston. It is for members of the A. F. of L. and their immediate families. A strong faculty, giving part of their time from other university duties, will conduct courses in English, law, government, economics, labor organization and physics. The management of the College is in the hands of a committee consisting chiefly of representatives of the Boston Central Labor Union. And that fact, as well as the strength of the individual courses, will make the experiment valuable.

A NEWSPAPER in Fort Wayne, Indiana, has been conducting a straw vote on candidates for the next presidential nominations. General Leonard Wood is almost a two to one favorite on the Republican ticket and Vice-President Marshall has a slight lead over President Wilson. It has been suggested that the newspaper now poll its readers on the following as a campaign issue: "Shall universal military training be instituted at the age of six, or ought the major league season be reduced to 140 games?"

FOUR million ballots on the question of three successive nation-wide strikes in behalf of Thomas J. Mooney and his co-defendants are being sent by the International Workers' Defense League to union members throughout the country. The ballot proposes a five-day strike beginning July 4th; if this fails, another five-day strike beginning Labor Day; and finally, in case of another failure, a third five-day strike beginning November 19th.

WHEN the California State Senate passed the anti-German language bill, two rather far-sighted arguments were made in support of it. Senator Brown: "It would be cheaper to translate the German texts in our colleges into English than to build battleships and maintain standing

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armies to protect us from German propaganda." Senator Scott: "The colleges have been hotbeds of pacifism and pro-Germanism. We should certainly keep German from the colleges."

FIFTEEN of the wooden ships built by the government have been sold to the Nacirema Steamship Company of New York at a price of $650,000 each. This is the first sale of government ships to private owners. It was made at a loss of $20 a ton, which is a little more than 12 per cent on the country's investment.

TRADE unions, said the speaker, ought not only be recognized as part of the country's industrial machinery; they ought to be statutorily incorporated, to be capable of suing and being sued, and to be able to compel anyone in any trade to join their ranks. It is not Nicolai Lenin speaking from a soap-box. Or even Samuel Gompers, pausing half way up or down the gang-plank to address the reporters. It is Lord Islington addressing the British House of Lords.

THE Board of Education in New York City, which is not familiar with current tendencies in this country and abroad, has forbidden the Teachers' Union to assemble in the city's schools. A remark by President Somers that "we cannot be at once investigators, jury and judge in this case" prevented the Board from adopting a second resolution condemning and outlawing the teachers' organization. But the first amazing proposal went through swimmingly.

Italy and the Adriatic

AS we go to press the Peace Conference has failed to agree upon a common policy with respect to Italy's claims to Fiume and Dalmatia. President Wilson refuses to recognize the Treaty of London, because by giving Dalmatia to Italy it violates the armistice and places the Jugo-Slav peoples of that province under alien rule. He refuses to consent to the appropriation of Fiume by Italy because that port although Italian in population is surrounded by Slavic territory and affords the only outlet to the sea for the whole Slavic and Hungarian hinterland. He proposes to make it a free port under international guaranties. He cannot yield on his essential contention. If he did he would give permanent legal sanction to one of the most unscrupulous acts of the old diplomacy and convert the Treaty of Paris into another Treaty of Berlin. Orlando and Sonnino also find it hard to yield. Yielding will discredit their war policy and destroy their government. France and Great Britain are bound by both the armistice and the Treaty of London and are not in a position to force an agreement. It is a contest in political strength and endurance between the Italian government and the President.

President Wilson is likely to win. He has both power and right on his side. The threat to secede from the European Concert is more dangerous in his hand than in that of Italy. Italy is wholly dependent on her Allies for credit, raw materials and means of subsistence. She would suffer from withdrawal far more than would the United States. In fact, the decision to withdraw would almost certainly mean revolution. She is not in a position to follow the stroke through. President Wilson is in a position to follow through. He should, consequently, win, and by his victory earn the thanks of the liberal democrats of all nations. But his victory will bring with it a political readjustment in Italy the extent of which it would be vain to predict, but which is certain to be extremely serious.

If the Peace Conference deprives Italy of Dalmatia and bestows on Fiume the status of a free port, it should in fairness protect Italy against any consequences of the decision which would threaten Italian security. Italians are naturally solicitous about the future of naval power in the Adriatic, and it would only be fair to provide in the treaty against any future proposal by the Slavs to build a navy which would be dangerous to the exposed Italian seacoast. It would also be soothing and not unjust to maintain the integrity of Albania and place the country under Italian protection. Provisions of this kind would render Italy far more secure than she would be if the Treaty of London were carried out and if she possessed in Dalmatia a frontier which would in the event of war be most difficult to defend against a hostile Jugo-Slavia. The possession by her of most of the islands of the Dalmatian coast, the protectorate over Albania, under a mandate from the League, and the naval preponderance in the Adriatic would render her abundantly safe against future attack from her neighbors.

Unanswerable

IT is of course unthinkable that the Victory Loan should not be taken gladly. No one needs to be told that the soldiers must be brought home from Europe, that they must be fed and clothed until they are discharged, that bills incurred in fighting the war must be paid. There can be no argument on the subject. It doesn't matter what you believe about anything else, there can be no two beliefs on this question. The money is needed and must be found.

The elaborate campaign which opened on April 21st is not intended to convince anybody that the

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United States ought to pay its bills. That is taken for granted. Its purpose is to raise the loan with the least strain on the credit resources of the country. Its purpose is to keep as many of the bonds as possible away from the banks, and to sell as many as possible to private citizens. What the Victory Loan workers are after is to raise this loan out of individual savings, and to leave untouched the capital in institutions.

The capital in banks is urgently needed to start the peace, and should not be used to finish the war. The business of winding up the war is the individual obligation of every man and woman who can scrape together money for a bond first out of his luxuries and then out of what we are pleased to regard as our necessities. It is not a job for the banks. The money there is needed to finance the rebuilding of the world, and cannot be spent on winding up the costs of the victory. It is needed to reconstruct America, to help Europe get on its feet, to supply the means by which the productive powers of the globe can be stimulated into activity. American credit is the ultimate credit of civilization today, and must be preserved and protected and strengthened to play its role. The resources of American business are imperatively needed to stabilize the industries of Europe.

To do that work they cannot be asked to bear the burden left by the war. That must be carried by extraordinary means, that is to say by the creation of new capital through a great voluntary act of collective thrift. Every dollar that can be saved specially is indeed a way of lifting the terrible load under which men the world over are struggling. Every dollar that can be temporarily diverted from personal luxury or even comfort to the needs of the government sets free energy to reestablish peace.

The bonds therefore will not merely bring home the A. E. F. They will in all literalness help to carry to a conclusion the task for which the A. E. F. fought. It fought to destroy a supremely aggressive military power. That is done, done completely, finished. But in destroying that power the world has been wracked to its foundations, and civilized society is tottering under the strain. A real peace cannot begin until men are back at work. Boundaries and leagues, national interests and all the rest, important as they are, will not be peace until factories and farms and railroads are busy again. They cannot be busy without the investment of capital, and the great fund of capital is the economic strength of the American people. To leave that fund intact for the uses of production is the real purpose of this loan.

It is a purpose sound beyond all dispute. Whoever fails to buy bonds, if by sacrifice he can buy them, is obstructing the peace. He is blindly and selfishly retarding the task of reconstruction, and no matter what his personal opinions, no matter what his social philosophy, he has failed to perform an essential, and it happens an indisputable, duty.

Why a Labor Party?

SOME weeks ago five or six hundred delegates from all the industrial regions of Illinois assembled in Springfield and formed the first state "Labor party" in American politics. They adopted a constitution the object of which is to recruit and finance the party chiefly from the membership of the trade unions in Illinois, but which also invited the cooperation of all workers of both sexes whether by hand or brain. They subscribed an organization fund of $2500 and provided for a paid secretary. Politicians will smile at the diminutive bank account with which the new party begins its career. They have a right to smile. But the success of labor in politics will depend less on its ability to raise and spend large sums of money than on its ability to organize and to agitate with the most scrupulous economy in all things except the willingness of its members to work. It will fail unless it embodies a spontaneous popular movement whose leaders can communicate its aspirations and programme to the rest of the American people without going to the huge expense of ordinary political salesmanship. We may be witnessing the beginning of such a movement. The Connecticut State Federation of Labor has voted to go into politics. The Massachusetts Federation was stopped from doing so only by the urgent protests of a personal messenger from Mr. Gompers. The trade unions of Montana, Washington and New Jersey are considering a similar action; and an American Labor party of Greater New York has already come into existence. These symptoms of a new political initiative on the part of American workers are spontaneous and significant. The A. F. of L. machine has used its influence to discourage the movement; so far it has not succeeded. The plan now is to call a national convention which will assemble late in May and which will present the June Convention of the American Federation with an accomplished fact.

Why a Labor party? Again and again groups of belligerent American wage-earners have attempted to break into politics, but hitherto American workers have refused to be weaned from trustful allegiance to the Republican or Democratic parties. The anti-political and purely syndicalist policy of the American Federation of Labor derives from a recollection of the past futility and danger to American labor of political agitation, from fear

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that such agitation will divide the workers against one another and from a conviction of the salutary effect on the unity of the labor movement of an exclusive policy of direct class trade union action. Are there sound reasons for believing that these considerations are losing their force?

In our opinion there are such reasons. In the past the relation of the American laborer to his employer and his employer's business was vastly more important to him than his relations to the government. Although the state frequently interfered in industrial controversies and almost always to the disadvantage of the wage-earner, the state was not his worst enemy: nor was its friendship indispensable. The wage-earner was struggling tenaciously to maintain himself against the powerful employers' organizations and against the competition of a constantly increasing volume of European immigration. He was not strong enough to put up a political as well as an industrial fight and unless he selected his ground prudently and paid careful attention to the economic stamina of his union associates he was in danger of suffering a complete defeat. Under such conditions the American Federation of Labor may have been justified in eschewing politics and in concentrating its attention on organizing the skilled trades and fighting exclusively for the increased economic power of its own limited membership. During the last few years these conditions have changed. The American Federation of Labor is no longer the harried and almost outlawed organization that it was for so many years. The federal government recognized it during the war and asked its cooperation in organizing the production of the necessary volume of war supplies. Immigration has ceased and will not return to its former volume. The wage-earning class won a substantial increase in economic power and independence. No doubt the relation of the wage-earners to their employers is still of more importance to them than their relation to the state, but under the new conditions the attempt to keep the two relationships separate will suffer from manifest artificialities. The government interferes in all considerable industrial controversies, and this interference has only begun. When the wage-earners demand union recognition, a universal eight-hour day, a national minimum of health and security and the nationalization of the railroads and the coal mines, they are putting forth a programme with political aspects whose fulfillment will depend in the end upon their ability to exercise political power.

If the American Federation of Labor does not recognize the meaning of these changes and assist instead of opposing the formation of an American Labor party, it will in the long run forfeit its leadership of the American wage-earner. The conditions are favorable and the time has come for the American worker to take the aggressive, and to insist on those changes in our political institutions which will vindicate his claim to industrial citizenship. American labor leaders have preached for years the doctrine that wage-earners should not be treated as a commodity. They have organized and agitated and fought in order to force on industrial managers the recognition of wage-earners as human beings whose welfare should not be subordinated to the making of profits. They must continue to organize, to agitate, to negotiate and to strike for the purpose of insisting on the prior claim of their needs as human beings upon the product and processes of industry. Indirect political action, as they know, affords no substitute for direct action. But the converse is also true. If they try by direct action alone to prevent labor from being treated as a commodity, they will either fail or they will land in revolution. The reorganization of American social and industrial life for the purpose of subordinating the mechanical and capitalistic element in industry to the human element is in large part a political problem. The wage-earners cannot trust the Democratic and Republican parties to carry on the work. Its accomplishment demands the cooperation of the hand and brain workers of the nation, consciously organized and educated for participation in this essentially political task.

The existing industrial situation illustrates the need of supplementing direct with political action. During the war the wage-earners benefitted by an inexhaustible demand for commodities which enabled them to obtain uninterrupted employment at increased wages. Since the end of the war the demand for commodities particularly in the metal industries has diminished. The volume of production has diminished with the demand. The price of metal products is coming down and will come down still further. Hitherto no general reduction of wages has taken place, but many wage-earners are being discharged and employers are insisting upon lower wages as a necessary corollary of lower prices. But if wages are lowered and unemployment increased, even though rent, food, clothing remain at their present high prices, the industrial management of the country will have treated labor as a commodity. They will sacrifice the public interest in maintaining high standards of living to the avoiding of losses or the making of profits. What else can the managers of particular industries do? They can, of course, devote much more intelligence and consideration to handling the problems of hiring and firing and dealing with their employees than they have done in the past, but they cannot risk bankruptcy by operating at a loss. The better employers are frequently obliged to follow

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the example of less scrupulous competitors and to ask their employees to choose between work under hard conditions at low wages or no work at all. The opponents of political action expect by striking to prevent such a clear assertion of the principle that labor is a commodity, and under prevailing conditions the strike is a more powerful weapon than formerly. But the strike is not a powerful weapon for the unskilled workers outside of the A. F. of L., and by basing their whole campaign on it the wage-earners will accomplish their end, if at all, with a maximum of loss, bitterness of feeling and social friction. Another supplementary way of breaking down the time-honored practice of treating labor as a commodity is to follow the example of the English workers and seek the sanction of law for certain national minimum standards of work, wages and union recognition. The legalizing of such standards, and the industrial reorganization which must accompany it, is a task of industrial statesmanship in which the workers organized and educated for participation in politics must cooperate, and which the politicians will evade unless labor prepares for effective political action.

They cannot trust the job to the Republican and Democratic parties. Both of the older parties are committed by the instinct of self-preservation to prevent the adoption by the state of a principle which would be so subversive of existing privileges as that of testing the management of industry by its success in promoting the welfare of the wage-earners as human beings. The Democrats in their anti-trust legislation affirmed the principle that labor was not a commodity, but the affirmation in question was a perfect example of the gold bricks with which politicians are always willing to placate get-rich-quick social or labor reformers. Since 1868 when reforming agitation started in this country, the political machines of the two parties, by keeping in their own hands the framing and carrying out of "progressive" legislation, have frustrated every attempt to liberate American politics and business from subservience to special interests. The agitation of the last fifty years has, indeed, clipped the wings of the state and national political "bosses." It has hampered the accumulation of fortunes such as those of the Rockefeller and Vanderbilt families. But it has not removed any of the fundamental abuses of American politics or business. Future agitation will not succeed any better until it undermines the governing power of the political and business machines. As long as they continue to exercise control over politics and business the whole system of privilege is safe. The machine bosses can always yield, as they have so frequently yielded in the past, to temporary pressure; but if they participate in drawing the legislation and control its administration they know they cannot come to serious harm. The social ideals of the working class will never have a chance of success as long as the country is governed by two national parties, the underlying object of whose machines necessarily is to keep political and economic power in the safe custody of its present possessors.

If the American wage-earner wishes, consequently, to humanize American industry he must organize for this partly political task by qualifying and equipping himself to become a power in politics. He is learning the futility of political democracy unless sustained by industrial democracy; but he has still to learn the other half of the lesson. Industrial democracy needs to be sustained by the practice of political democracy. Effective political democracy for the wage-earner demands the organization of a national party of brain and hand workers to conduct constitutional agitation on behalf of those larger modifications of American institutions which are required by industrial democracy. By entering into politics in the interest of their own programme they will act in obedience to the American democratic tradition which is that of using political agitation as an indispensable educational agency of social adjustment. It is the alternative method of banking on a combination of direct action plus the solicitation of concessions and favors from the lords of party politics which carries with it the dangerous and subversive consequences. For the politicians will frustrate labor progressivism just as they have frustrated all the other progressive movements of the last fifty years. When they realize they are being fooled, the labor unions will become exasperated and insurgent. They may succumb to the temptation of enforcing their demands by such extreme forms of direct action as a general strike, and in a nation whose political constitution is as rigid as that of the United States a general strike or a strike in a group of key industries might lead to revolution.

Considering the predestined increase in power of the wage-earners and the substantial justice of their demands for the humanization of industry, it is of the utmost importance for themselves and for the nation that they organize and educate themselves for effective political action. The one agency of effective political action is a national party organization. By forming a Labor party they will at once clarify their own programme, deposit it on the table for nation-wide and serious political discussion, and assume the responsibility of adjusting the programme to that of the other economic classes. The political effort of organizing a Labor party will tend to nationalize the American labor movement. It will force the trade-unionists to seek the

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assistance of the unskilled workers, of the increasing body of cooperatives and of the minority of brain workers who wish to share the aspirations and would like to contribute to the success of their brothers-in-labor. But above all it will force them to adjust their programme to that of the discontented farmers who form such a large part of the American electorate and whose own economic grievances the political parties have so often smothered. For the first time in the history of American politics, the clear political possibility exists of an alliance between the representatives of agrarian and industrial discontent. A national Labor party which emphatically repudiates revolutionary socialism and which commits itself to an experimental programme of industrial and agrarian cooperative democracy, reenforced by democratic community organization and so far as necessary by direct trade-union action, has become a necessary and a salutary agency of American social progress.

The Letter and the Speech

Sense and Nonsense About Russia

THE difficulties of straight thinking about Russia continue. On Wednesday, April 16th, Mr. Lloyd George spoke in the House of Commons. A day or two later a letter addressed to Dr. Nansen and signed by the Big Four was published in the papers. This letter, however, was written before Mr. George's speech. We defy anyone to make sense out of the two documents as they stand. These are excerpts from the texts:

LETTER TO DR. NANSEN

"That such a course [i. e. the feeding of Russia by a neutral commission] would involve the cessation of hostilities within definite lines in the territory of Russia is obvious, and the cessation of hostilities would necessarily involve a complete suspension of the transfer of troops and military material of all sorts to and within Russia's territory."

Signed—E. ORLANDO.
D. LLOYD GEORGE.
WOODROW WILSON.
G. CLEMENCEAU.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S SPEECH

(Delivered after the letter was written)

"We are not sending troops. We are supplying munitions, because if Russia is to be redeemed she must be redeemed by her own sons, and all they ask is that they should be supplied with the necessary arms to fight for their own protection and their own freedom in lands where the Bolsheviki are antipathetic to the feeling of the populations. I do not in the least regard it as a departure from our fundamental policy not to interpose in the internal affairs of any land that we should support General Denikin, Admiral Kolchak, and General Kharkoff."

Putting these two seemingly contradictory passages together we may deduce Allied policy to be this:

1. Boundaries are to be drawn separating the territories of Soviet Russia from those of Kolchak, Denikin, Kharkoff.

2. Kolchak, Denikin, and Kharkoff are to receive munitions to suppress Bolshevism in their territory, according to the speech.

3. They are not to receive munitions, according to the letter, because it bespeaks a *complete suspension* of the transfer of troops and *military material to* and within Russian territory. The Bolsheviki, of course, receive no munitions from outside of Russian territory.

4. Russia's sons are to fight for their own freedom and protection with Allied arms where the population is anti-Bolshevik, according to the speech.

5. There is to be complete cessation of fighting within the territories defined, according to the letter.

As this is still about as clear as mud, let us make a fresh start at deducing the policy of the Allies in the matter of civil war in Russia.

1. Lines are drawn to separate Soviet Russia from the areas where Kolchak, Denikin, and Kharkoff rule.

2. In Soviet Russia, there can be no transfer of troops or munitions, and there must be complete suspension of hostilities.

3. In Kolchak, Denikin and Kharkoff territory there can be what? That is the puzzle. According to the Prime Minister as speech-maker, a fight to redeem Russia aided by Allied arms. According to the Prime Minister as letter writer a complete suspension of hostilities, including no munitions sent "*to*" Russian territory.

The cause of this confusion is evident enough. It lies in the moral obligation assumed by the Allies in supporting the counter-revolutionary forces. "Since we asked them to take this stand, which contributed largely to the triumph of the Allies it is our business to stand by our Allies." That the policy did contribute to the triumph is more than doubtful. In our opinion it was a blunder from first to last, a blunder forced upon the President last summer by pressure, a blunder which has solidified Bolshevik power and caused the reign of terror. On the most charitable interpretation it was a policy which originated in a miscalculation of German strength and forgetfulness of Mr. George's own dictum in November, 1917, that a revolutionary Russia could never be anything but a menace to Hohenzollernism.

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But having inherited the blunder we are now forced to make the best of it, and there can be no escaping our obligation to those Russians who have jeopardized their lives by falling in with Allied policy. They cannot be abandoned to the vengeance of the Bolsheviki.

At this point two cardinal points of a Russian policy do emerge from the confusion. Both are sanctioned by the Allies. First, that the Russian people, irrespective of politics, should be saved from starvation; second, that protection must be furnished to the counter-revolutionists whom we have supported. This being agreed upon, the next point to consider is the means of ending civil war. There we must choose between the speech and the letter. We cannot arm Russians and not arm them, suspend hostilities and incite war. The difficulty in not arming our official friends is that they would soon be swept away both by the armies of the Soviet and the Bolsheviki within their territory. What is our obligation? It is clear that the counter-revolutionists must be protected from the Soviet armies. It is almost equally clear that they cannot permanently be protected against uprisings. To embark upon that policy would be an endless performance involving a clear violation of the principle laid down by the Prime Minister that we should not interfere in domestic politics.

We are obligated clearly to protect their lives. We cannot accept any longer the obligation of protecting their political power. This conclusion involves three things: the arrangement of an effective armistice with the Soviets, the arrangement of an effective amnesty with the Soviets, and the offer of safe conduct out of Russia for those of our official friends who can no longer live there in peace. The matter of safe conduct can certainly be arranged. At Archangel and Vladivostok an emigration is already planned when the troops are withdrawn. In other parts of Russia, those who are in danger might be put under the protection of the neutral embassies and consulates or the neutral relief commission and their passage out of Russia paid if they wish to go. If the Allies are handsome about it, they might well indemnify the emigrés.

Armistice and amnesty are of course dependent upon effective guarantees. We believe that once a supply of food begins to circulate in Russia the guarantees will exist because the threat to stop further food shipments could be used whenever there was danger of a violation, and the administration of relief furnishes ample means of knowing what is going on. But the real guarantee of peace lies in a change in the character of the ruling forces in Russia. Here Mr. George's testimony is of immense significance:

"Reliable information which we have received indicates that while the Bolsheviki are apparently growing in strength Bolshevism itself is rapidly on the wane. *It is breaking down before the relentless pressure of economic affairs.* This process must inevitably continue. They cannot carry on a great country upon such methods."

This is exactly what the New Republic has always claimed, and the conclusion to be drawn is this: Help to break down Bolshevism by adding the pressure of more economic facts. Note that the Prime Minister says that the "Bolsheviki" are apparently growing, but that "Bolshevism" is rapidly on the wane. This means simply that power and responsibility are exerting their usual effect, that the same causes produce the same results. The Bolsheviki are becoming less Bolshevist. In other words the terror and the dictatorship of a minority are disappearing and the Bolshevist regime is being diluted by the accession of men who accept the label Bolshevist, but who do not practice Bolshevism in the ordinary use of the term.

This process it is our business to accelerate. The removal of all threat of military intervention, the withdrawal of troops, and the cutting off of munitions to counter-revolutionists—all of them decisions made in the letter if not in the speech—will immediately weaken "Bolshevism" and give new courage to the moderates. For in removing the danger to the soil of Russia and the security of the revolution, those who do not agree with the dictatorship and the terror are no longer forced to acquiesce in a policy of violence which was defended as a measure of public safety. When Russians see that their territory and their revolution are no longer under attack, the sharp cleavage which today divides all of Russia absolutely into Bolsheviki and counter-revolutionists breaks down. In time of mortal danger, he who is not for the powers that control the revolution is against the revolution. Remove the danger and men are free to insist on a different control of the Revolution.

Equally, if not more important, is the opening up of Russia to trade with an outer world that does not threaten the Revolution. So long as Russia is blockaded by enemies who starve the helpless, make war on the Revolution, and make friends with the Tsar's ministers and courtiers, any move within Russia against the existing regime looks like treachery. But if food and manufactured articles, hospital supplies, and friendly relief workers appear in Russia, if factories can start, if machinery is available for agriculture, the terrible obsession and nightmare is bound to lift. Once the Russians feel secure about what they regard as their liberty, and who but they shall be the judges of that, once they can go to work and begin to think of the lives of

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their children, the comfort of their families, their own personal fortunes, a totally new set of motives is bound to operate. The restarting of the economic life of Russia will inevitably confront the Russians with those necessities of industrial management and agricultural production with which their social theories will have to come to terms. The concrete business of making and distributing will become increasingly the focus of their interests. Today that focus is the safety of Russia, the safety of the Revolution, and the frightful misery of helpless people.

This does not mean that Russia will simply turn into a so-called bourgeois capitalist state. It does mean that whatever the system of property and economic control used, it will have to be a system which is capable of conducting the business of a people, not only internally but in its relation to the rest of the world.

It is clearly indicated, therefore, that the next step after the sending of a neutral relief commission is the dispatch of a general international economic commission which shall arrange for a regulated resumption of trade. The only political considerations involved in relief or trade are the guaranteeing of the armistice and the amnesty, and the prohibition of international propaganda by the Bolshevik authorities. We quite agree that there can be no question of diplomatic recognition so long as the powers in Russia are determined to use their diplomatic relations to overthrow other governments. The resumption of trade under regulations need involve no diplomatic privileges, and the continuance of trade can and should be made contingent upon the suspension of international propaganda. That this is a water-tight guarantee under present conditions as respects the men now in charge of Russian affairs, no one need even pretend. But it is as good guarantee as any we have now because Lenin has agents all over Europe in spite of the blockade, the sanitary cordon, and every other precaution. It is in fact a better guarantee even immediately because it gives the Russians something tangible to lose by violating their promises. It is a real guarantee in the long run, because as Mr. Lloyd George says, it is bound to change the character of Bolshevism itself.

The policy outlined here can be constructed out of the decision made at Paris in the letter to Dr. Nansen. We submit that it is consistent with all our obligations—to the counter-revolutionists whom we have supported, to the suffering people of Russia, to the ideal of respect for other people's liberty. It is consistent with the facts as they are known. It repudiates military intervention as morally wrong and practically impossible. It repudiates subsidies to civil war as morally wrong and ultimately hopeless. It inaugurates peace on the basis of guarantees of the most concrete kind. It is based on the historically verified truth that revolutions lose their violence by contact with economic responsibilities.

Postscript

ANOTHER official Russian plan has just appeared, this time in the form of news given out by the State Department. The report is that Mr. Lansing has a policy. It is said to consist in the recognition of Admiral Kolchak and assistance to him for the prosecution of civil war. The bids in the Russian question, therefore, stand as follows:

1. Mr. Wilson and Mr. George in a signed letter to Dr. Nansen: "Cessation of hostilities and complete suspension of the transfer of troops and military material of all sorts *to and within* Russia's territory."

2. Mr. George to the House of Commons: "We are supplying munitions to Kolchak, Denikin and Kharkoff."

3. Mr. Lansing, supported by Mr. Wilson, according to the State Department: "Recognition of the Omsk government and military support *to and within* Russia's territory.

This can hardly be described as the clear and untroubled voice of reason speaking to a distracted world. Russian policy is still as difficult to follow as a Russian novel. The characters change their names so often, and their souls are so torn with conflicting emotions that their minds are stalled. It is time that somebody issued a guide book in which the relative value of letters, speeches and inspired dispatches was indicated by one, two and three asterisks.

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The Obstacle to Peace

DURING the troubled conferences in Paris the Allied leaders must sometimes have cursed the spiteful chance which condemned them to set right a world so utterly out of joint. A malignant fate has pursued all their efforts, good or bad, to reach acceptable and workable decisions. When they proposed to write a "strong peace" and to grind the faces of the Germans or Russians, they won the approval of the press and the most aggressive public opinion in the Allied countries, but they also, as they very well knew, strained their power to carry such decisions into effect. When they proposed to write a "clean peace" and to treat the Germans and the Russians according to the principle of equal justice and in the spirit of the Golden Rule, they did not fare much better. Any satisfaction which they may have felt about their progress towards a workable solution was mitigated by the accusations hurled at them by the press and often by their own followers of "coddling" Germany or sacrificing the special interests of their own country. The penalties of decision were as manifest as its advantages. Small wonder that they fell back on indecision, even though the consequences of indecision were no less costly. Because they failed to make a quick peace, they heard beneath the bugles of the military bands which played the victorious Marseillaise the fearful rumble of the million voices which were beginning in disenchantment and despair to chant the Carmagnole. Yet not even this threat could accelerate decision. Now when they must either agree or agree to disagree, both agreement and disagreement look expensive, unsatisfactory and possibly too late. Never have statesmen in the flush of military victory and apparently triumphant power had better reason for understanding the vanity of physical force unsupported in its exercise by moral unity.

In so far as the Peace Conference disagrees or in so far as its agreements are disappointing in their results, the tendency is and will be to blame individual statesmen or particular nations for the failure and its consequences. Frenchmen and Italians will blame America and Great Britain; Americans and Englishmen will blame France and Italy; almost everybody will blame the unfortunate conferees. But before critics push this easy theory of individual and national responsibility too far, they would do well to consider its manifest limitations. When men and nations who control the greater part of the organized military and economic power in the world find it difficult to enforce decisions on which they might agree, and difficult to agree upon decisions which they are able to enforce, even though the failure to reach and put through agreements condemns them to costly personal and national penalties, we should beware of placing the entire blame on individual ineptitude or national egotism. The ineptitude and the egotism also call for explanation. Presumably these statesmen and nations behaved as well as their traditions of feeling, thought and action qualified them to behave. If they erred, they erred as the victims of a conspiracy of circumstances which individually they could not control. As a matter of fact such has been the case. The Paris conference has been struggling to escape from a terrible joint predicament. In searching for the meaning of this predicament we must go behind individual or national ill intentions to the common source of the equipment, the experience, the outlook and the motives of all modern peoples.

The common determining factor in the lives of the individuals and nations assembled in Paris consists in the economic, political and social system known as capitalism. It is not merely Orlando, Clemenceau, Lloyd George or Wilson; it is not merely Italy, France, Great Britain or America which are being tested by the task of international reconstruction. It is the formative relation between property and human nature, between machinery and human life which prevails throughout the modern world. Is a group of states, the equipment, experience, outlook and motives of whose leaders and peoples are determined and limited by the practice of capitalism, capable of creating the Great Society of better nations which alone can soothe the wounds of the war, repair its losses and bind together the mutilated and scattered fragments of industry and society?

That it is chiefly capitalism which is on trial at the Peace Conference is indicated by one significant fact. Throughout its deliberations the conferees have subordinated moral and political to economic considerations. The headlines in the newspapers have attached major importance to political disagreements, but back of every dispute over territory or the future allegiance of its inhabitants lies the claim to the exclusive possession of natural resources or avenues of commerce which is born of capitalist control of industry. And quite as important as any matter of boundaries or of the future possession of natural resources is that of compensating the owners of property for their losses during the war. It is these financial problems which present the apparently insoluble diffi-

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culties. Yet it is these problems more than any other upon which a generally acceptable agreement is indispensable to social progress and order—an agreement not merely among the victors but between the victors and the vanquished. And surely the obstacles to the adoption of a generally satisfactory method of indemnification derive their obstinacy from the peculiar necessities, characteristics and failings of a purely capitalistic society.

The competitive annihilation of the war brought about a prodigious and unprecedented waste of precious material and human labor. Experts estimate the loss at over two hundred billion dollars. The greater part of it is represented by written promises to pay money to individual or corporate property-owners issued by the several belligerent governments; but there is a smaller part of another kind which is still very large. It consists of the damages which property-owners in the invaded districts suffered and for which they have a clear right to compensation. The current estimate of these claims alone plus the future liabilities of the belligerent states for pensions amounts to about fifty billions. Since it was an act of the German government which brought on the war, it looks just to ask the German people to pay this fifty billions. But can the Allied governments collect so large a sum? And what will be the consequences both of trying or failing to collect it? Experts have tried to estimate how much Germany will be able to pay, but they have abandoned the task. It depends on variable and incalculable moral and social conditions rather than on definite and calculable physical conditions. By pressing Germany too hard they run the danger of destroying the motives possessed by the German people for producing property. They condemn the German nation to revolutionary socialism. Yet the failure of the Allied governments to collect may involve their own nations in a similar if not equally trying dilemma. Even though the Germans could pay fifty billions this huge indemnity would still fall short of the assistance needed by their victorious enemies for the restoration of their credit and the recovery of a working individualist national economy. The ruling and possessing classes all over Europe are staggered and disconcerted by the alarming and inestimable social results either of meeting or failing to meet their national liabilities. An economic problem confronts them which they cannot solve without the permanent conscription of private property on a scale which will profoundly modify the legal and social status of its possessors.

Take the case of France, which is typical and peculiarly significant. Many writers have called attention to the suicidal contradictions inherent in the proposed treatment of Germany by the French government—a treatment which seeks to obtain from the German people an indemnity amounting practically to their whole surplus income for a generation or two and at the same time tends to prevent them from resuming the orderly industry without which they cannot earn any surplus income at all. True and obvious, however, as this criticism is, it does not tell the whole story. The French have proposed an unreasonable and probably a suicidal policy; but the appalling nature of their own financial dilemma drives them to it. They are adopting the mad course of destroying Germany in the vain attempt to save their former national economy. They have, so certain French politicians and newspapers are saying, only three alternatives. One is to make Germany pay in full. The second is to distribute the financial burden among all the Allied nations. The third is to confess to bankruptcy. These alternatives may not be exhaustive. French financiers and politicians may exaggerate the danger of bankruptcy because of the cost to themselves of meeting their imperative national liabilities. But the fourth alternative of paying in full at their own expense demands such radical changes in the economic and political institutions of France that they can hardly be blamed for shrinking from the prospect.

If the French do not get either the Germans or their own Allies to assume a large part of their liabilities, France cannot escape the adoption of a programme of economic reconstruction which will profoundly modify the customary distribution of political and economic power in that country. The war revealed and developed a chronic malady of French capitalism and finance. The Republic has never paid its way even during peace. It has never dared to order a sufficiently drastic conscription by the government of the income of the nation. During the war the successive cabinets remained true to the same dangerous policy. They did little either to check profiteering, to appropriate for the commonwealth a larger share of the national income or to meet the just grievances of labor. The day of reckoning is now at hand. Either repudiation which will undermine the security of private property in France or else a new system of taxation which will mitigate the privileges of the French financier and rentier and exalt the economic position of the French worker. Whichever alternative the government adopts, France will necessarily become less capitalist and more socialist in her political and economic organization. Just as the bankruptcy of the French monarchy in 1789 precipitated the French Revolution and resulted finally in the government of France by and for the middle class, so the collapse of republican finance and the economic consequences of French losses in the war will result

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in the government of France to an increasing extent by and for the French workers. They will demand and will obtain alterations in French political institutions which will enable them to play a much more effective and responsible part in the government of the nation. France, like her neighbor to the east, will become as a consequence of the economic strain and losses of the war a commonwealth of workers rather than of property-owners. French politicians and capitalists naturally shrink from the prospect.

There is, as we have already indicated, one way in which the French, aided by the other Allied governments, might avert the modifications in the economic and political organization which now seem to be the inevitable and the perilous price of the victory over Germany. The Allies might try a grandiose experiment in international capitalism by setting up the League of the Nations as the receiver and guarantor not only of France but of the other almost equally exhausted—if not bankrupt—nations. By pooling the debts incurred during the war and by distributing the burden among all the capitalist states, the League of Nations might avert the perilous social consequences of a sudden and violent transition from the capitalist to the cooperative commonwealth. The alternative is, however, only of speculative interest. There is not the slightest chance of persuading the American Congress or the parliaments of the neutral countries to assume any such increase of their liabilities. Take the case of the United States. American public opinion would not seriously consider the underwriting by this country of part of the war debts of France and consequently of the other Allied countries. Those Americans who are most anxious to satisfy French public opinion would for the most part repudiate it with as little ceremony as would those who are indifferent to the grievances and the difficulties of the French nation. The American business man would puncture the plan with unanswerable questions. Why should American business assume in part the financial liabilities of a country which places such drastic restrictions on American imports? The French manufacturer would retort with perfect truth that tariff barriers on the French frontier were as indispensable to French economic independence as American tariff barriers were to American economic independence. Such disagreeable recriminations would indicate the source of the difficulty. The differences of interest among capitalist economic systems run deeper than any community of interest. So long as they are purely capitalist they are in the end mutually exclusive. Their directors cannot bring themselves to cooperate effectively even when they might as a consequence avert a portentous common danger. The benefits of the political idealism of President Wilson are impaired by their association with a policy of thoroughgoing economic nationalism.

These considerations justify, I think, the preliminary assertion that it is capitalist economy which is being tried in Paris and found wanting. Capitalist nations need for their joint self-preservation an unprecedented and colossal effort of cooperation. If the Allied statesmen in Paris represented governing classes with the insight to understand and the courage to face the dangers to their own dominion, they would not shrink from any sacrifice which tended to stabilize the existing structure of capital values. They would not only have pooled their liabilities and resources, but they would have used their common credit to put an end to famine in every country in Europe, to stimulate industry and to allay popular apprehension. The protection of the individual, the class and the national interests created by capitalism demanded the temporary subordination of those interests to the satisfaction of the universal popular craving for food, work, security, release and hope. By satisfying these cravings they would have afforded a perfect example of that enlightened selfishness which the older economists took to be the peculiar virtue of capitalism. Yet they failed not only to adopt but even seriously to consider the policy of healing cooperation. Capitalism at the moment of its severest test vindicated the claim of its defenders to selfishness but not to enlightenment. In spite of the grievous peril which overhangs its economic and political structures, its representatives could not combine on a disinterested remedial programme. Their intellectual and moral limitations prevented them from adjusting their own interests to those of a community of capitalist states. The characteristic virtue of capitalism has always been its ability to get special objects, whether personal or national, effectively and unscrupulously accomplished. Its characteristic failings have always been blindness, egotism, want of public spirit and the hypocritical identification of the interests of its beneficiaries with those of the community. Enlightenment is not born of selfish preoccupation. When capitalism needed for its own perpetuity the ability to see and to tell the truth, social aspiration and moral faith, its representatives and creatures could not recruit these qualities.

If the capitalist nations could have combined for the better protection of their common interests, they could have dealt with the liabilities of the war with the smallest loss to the owners of private property and with the smallest danger to social order. They would in effect have been planning a necessary work of social reconstruction which will now have to be accomplished by less orderly means. Property owning has, as a consequence of the

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waste of the war, become much less of a personal privilege than formerly and much more of a social responsibility. The endeavor to meet the new social liabilities on the part of the wealth producing mechanism will force governments to an increasing extent to remove property from individual enjoyment and control and to socialize its management. In all democracies the wage-earners and workers must, consequently, take more interest in the state. They can no longer allow governments which are supposed to represent all the people and which are conscripting the property of the nation to escape popular control. The transfer of power will arouse violent opposition from its present possessors and can hardly be accomplished without disorders similar to those which occurred when the middle class displaced the feudal aristocracies. Nations such as Italy and France in which capitalism has gone far in neglecting its manifest responsibilities may for a while swing too far to the left. All capitalist countries will suffer from the progressive assumption of economic power by a class which their governments have in the past deliberately refused to educate for the exercise of power. But the workers will educate themselves by the rough but sound method of trial and error, and as a consequence of their education the social democratic commonwealth will for the first time have a fair chance. Its degree of success will depend on its ability to develop leaders whom class interests and national shibboleths will not prevent from bringing to the social problem intellectual honesty and moral faith.

Some of my readers may interpret the foregoing indictment of capitalism as a vindication of the economic determinism of Marxian socialism. That is precisely the opposite of what it is. The people who are vindicating Marxian socialist fatalism are the conferees in Paris and most of their class associates at home. They are behaving very much as the Marxian formula predicted they would behave. By their blindness, their egotism and their inveterate habit of disguising selfish and exclusive interests by a protective moral coloration, they are tending to bring on the revolutionary catastrophe which has already occurred in Russia and which they most desire to avoid. If they persist in refusing to feed the starving millions in Russia; if they persist in using the war as a pretext to practice sabotage on German and other industries; if they persist in writing into the peace economic and political privileges for particular nations; finally, if they try to escape the dangers of national bankruptcy by an attempt to impose on German workmen a burden which will drive them to desperation, they will justify the prophecies of Lenin and behave just as he would prefer to have them behave. They will force the workers in their own countries to make common cause with the workers of Germany and Russia. They will magnify Bolshevism into the kind of danger for the whole of Europe which will only be increased by a policy of forcible suppression.

The capitalist societies and their leaders will not escape from the bondage of economic determinism by acting in obedience to purely economic motives and then uttering a noisy exclamation of moral defiance. They can escape from the colossal predicament in which the competitive annihilation of the great war has plunged them only by opening their minds to the real nature of their existing difficulties and by consciously accepting industrial democracy as the desirable alternative to the tyranny of Bolshevism or the anarchy of unredeemed capitalism. Industrial democracy implies a relationship between property and human life radically different from that which has hitherto prevailed in capitalistic societies. It tests economic institutions and practices, not by their ability to produce profits but by their ability to enhance human life. It demands the thoroughgoing and immediate application of this test to existing institutions and practices.

Economic determinists both of the capitalist and Bolshevist varieties condemn industrial democracy as ideology which seeks to redeem a sinful world with pretentious words and amiable aspirations. The reproach was not without force as long as industrial democrats consisted of middle-class intellectuals who propagated their faith chiefly by preaching. But it loses force just in so far as a self-conscious working class comes into existence which, without demanding class rule, does propose both by direct and political action to compel organized capitalism to adjust itself to industrial democracy. It also loses its force in so far as those who believe in industrial democracy are capable of proving their contention that the extinction of profiteering and the subordination of capitalism to human needs will help to increase the volume of industrial products by creating a successful technique for the socialized production of wealth. The war has helped to create a working class of this kind, particularly in Great Britain, and it has placed many new technical resources at the disposal of industrial democracy. The terrific waste of the last few years in men and material and the consequent predicament of capitalism has brought on an enormous increase of power to a self-conscious working class. The immediate future of the world depends upon the benevolence with which they use power; and the good grace with which their former masters adjust themselves to the loss of it.

Thus it comes back to the amount of idealism

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which the democratic peoples bring to the new task. They depend for their deliverance from choice between unredeemed capitalism and revolutionary socialism upon the ability of the "ideologists" to plan and to effect a redeeming transformation in a real world. And the richest source of the needed ideology is the gospel of Jesus Christ. The western democracies have ahead of them a perfectly plain although an extremely difficult task. They have to stop dogmatizing about Christianity and to stop practicing it merely as a vehicle of personal salvation. They have to begin the immediate application of it to the anarchy produced in their own moral sanctuary by the existing distribution of industrial and political power. In its social aspect Christianity consists, first, in the repentant recognition by Christians of the sin of their past bondage to selfish preoccupations, and, secondly, in their redemption not by enforcing penalties for breaking the law but by active faith in the inexhaustible possibility of human deliverance and regeneration. The practice of such a belief in human nature will create the Great Society which can heal the wounds and repair the losses of the war. After their prolonged recent indulgence in the morality of taking a life for a life, the salvation of the western peoples can only come from a great outburst of humanism. They can no longer meet their needs with the rule of live and let live upon which liberal capitalism of the Victorian era prided itself. They must reach towards the peremptory gospel of human brotherhood which demands here and now that we live in order to enhance life.

HERBERT CROLY.

Four Weeks in England

(*March, 1919*)

A MONTH ago the United Kingdom was on the brink of a great national disaster. The whole body of coal and ironstone miners were on the eve of striking for what was called a six-hour day (really seven hours); an advance of 30 per cent; and the nationalization of the whole industry. The whole body of railwaymen were demanding, not only the rigid application of the eight-hour day already conceded to them in principle, but also such a rearrangement of wages and allowances as would give them, in the aggregate, something like a further 10 per cent advance. The whole body of "transport workers" (dock and wharf laborers) were demanding a 44 hour week and something like a 20 per cent advance. These three bodies of workers are federated in what is called the Triple Alliance, pledged to common action, comprising an actual membership of about a million and a half, but representing probably two million men and youths, and with their families about one-sixth of the entire population of Great Britain. Their general withdrawal from work, fixed at first for the 15th of March, and then postponed until the 22nd of March, would have paralyzed the activities of the whole country, and caused an almost universal stoppage. The situation was all the more grave in that the railways are temporarily in the hands of the government, and the mines are working under its control, and to a large extent for its account. The projected strike would therefore have been one against the government, which would necessarily have had to take the most drastic action to keep the nation supplied with food. Against a united body of one-sixth of the community we were within measurable distance of civil war. Once the struggle had begun, victory for the government might, in the present state of feeling in the trade union and cooperative world, easily have "fired the heather," with unimaginable consequences. On the other hand, a victory over the government would have had no less calamitous implications. Not until today, (March 28th) could we say that the trouble is surmounted. The past four weeks, which might have ushered in civil war, have seen, on the contrary, the most dramatic peaceful evolution in the whole history of the British trade union movement, the whole proceedings being so characteristic of the nation, and, as I venture to believe so hopeful for its future, as to be worth describing.

The government met the demand of the miners by offering them a commission of enquiry, empowered by statute to compel production of accounts and reports, and to recommend what it chose, practically without limit. It was intended to form this commission in the usual way (with or without representatives of the miners and the mine owners) out of presumably impartial capitalists, trade unionists and "representatives of the community of consumers." The Miners' Federation unexpectedly replied by accepting the commission and postponing the strike for a week, but only on condition that the commission reported before the strike notices were due to expire, and that the miners should nominate, *not only their own representatives but one-half of the whole commis-*

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sion, under a Judge of the High Court as chairman. Mr. Lloyd George found himself unable to refuse these requests; and the Miners' Federation instantly nominated, along with its President (Smillie), its Vice-President (Herbert Smith) and its Secretary (Hodges)—all of whom had been working miners—three friendly economists and statisticians who had lately stood unsuccessfully as Labor party candidates for Parliament at the General Election (Sir Leo Chiozza Money, Mr. W. R. H. Tawney and the present writer.) Such a combination of "workers by hand" and "workers by brain," in the terms of the Labor party constitution, and such composition of a Royal Commission, were both without precedent. The three members of the Commission were three members of the Mine-owners' Association, and three leading capitalist employers in steel, machinery and shipping.

The proceedings of this Coal Commission were dramatic. It started at once to sit daily in public in the King's Robing Room in the House of Lords, and to examine witnesses of all kinds. What was intended to be an investigation of the miners' demands was turned, from the first, into a public indictment of the system on which the industry was, under private capitalism, carried on. It was revealed to the world how enormous had been the profits; to what an extent the government had shared in these profits by its Excess Profits Duty; how unnecessarily the domestic consumers of coal were fleeced by the anarchy of profit-making distribution; how imperfect were the equipment and management of the inferior mines; how wasteful was the uncoordinated transport by rail and the private ownership of coal trucks; and, finally, how scandalously bad were the housing conditions of the miners. These revelations, largely extracted by skilled cross-examination from the official witnesses, as well as from those put up by the employers, reverberated throughout the United Kingdom, and not only converted public opinion to the miners' claims, but also went far to swing over the ordinary man to nationalization.

In the end, two days before the strike notices expired, the Commission made three reports. One, signed by six out of the thirteen members, recommended the granting of the men's demand in full, including the nationalization of the mines. Another, signed only by the three mine owners, conceded only one hour a day, instead of the two hours asked for, and a 15 per cent advance. The third, signed by the Chairman and the three independent capitalists, conceded one hour a day at once and promised the second hour in 1921, with 20 per cent advance in the form of a flat rate addition for all grades; and, moreover, declared the existing system of ownership incapable of maintenance, recognized the claim of the miners to participation in the management and promised a further report as to nationalization within a couple of months. The government immediately accepted this last report; and agreed, practically, to carry out any further recommendation of the Commission, if only the miners would not strike. After some days of tension the miners' conference agreed to recommend to their members this compromise.

Meanwhile, the claims of the transport workers and the railwaymen were very largely conceded by the government and (under government influence) by the dock and shipping employers. The whole of the concessions to the Triple Alliance in the course of these four weeks represents an addition to the wages of their two million members of something like seventy-five millions sterling per annum ($375,000,000) being the biggest single wage advance—and what is even more important, quite the most important stride onward in status—yet recorded in Europe.

Even more remarkable and significant was what has happened outside the Triple Alliance. Coincidently with the receipt of the miners' demands, Mr. Lloyd George convened, for the first time, a National Industrial Conference of eight hundred persons, being the nominated representatives of all the great employers' associations and trade unions, carefully selected by the Ministry of Labor, with skilled advice, so as to exclude none of importance on either side. That Conference, after some plain speaking to and by the Prime Minister appointed a joint committee to draw up an immediately practicable programme for the government to carry out in order to allay labor unrest. That programme—drafted, we may imagine, by Mr. G. D. H. Cole in conjunction with Mr. Arthur Henderson—carefully revised by three joint subcommittees, and unanimously agreed to by the full Committee, by employers and workmen alike, has just been published, and is to be ratified by the Conference on April 4th, when it is fully expected that it will be at once accepted by the government and carried through Parliament as a government measure.

It is an astonishing document to have obtained unanimous agreement, and probably to be destined to government acceptance. It includes a universal Eight Hours act, to be applied as a maximum, subject to adjustments and reductions by joint agreement in each industry; a universal legally enforced minimum time wage for each industry, to be prescribed and applied by a joint commission; universal recognition of trade unionism in every industry; the systematic prevention of unemployment by government action to stabilize the national aggregate demand for labor; universal provision of unemployment benefit from public funds, a gen-

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erous revision of both the insurance sickness benefit and the old age pensions; and so on. In some ways, most interesting of all is the provision for a permanent National Industrial Council nominated by trade unions and employers' associations, to be equipped with a full-time secretariat, to have its expenses found from public funds, and to appoint its own standing committee of fifty members which will be always in session. This "Industrial Parliament," and even "Industrial Executive" is to become the recognized intermediary and counsellor of the government, not only in all labor disputes, but also with regard to all government policy and legislation relating to labor.

It seems to me that never has so great an evolution taken place within four weeks, as regards labor in this country, as during the month of March, 1919.

SIDNEY WEBB.

The Muffled Ship

IT was cold and gray, but the band on shore was playing, and the flags on shore fluttering, and the long double-tiered wharf crowded with welcomers in each of its open gaps, when our great strong ship slowly drew alongside, packed with its cheering chattering crowds of khaki figures, letting go all the pent-up excitement of getting home from the war. The songs and the laughter, the cheers, and the shouted questions, the hooting of the launches' sirens, the flutter of flags and hands and handkerchiefs; the faces of old women, of girls, intent, expectant; and behind us the white gulls floating against the gray sky—all made an impression ineffaceable, while our great ship, listed slightly by those thousands of figures straining towards the land which had bred them, gently slurred up against the long, high wharf, and was made fast.

The landing went on till night had long fallen, and the band was gone. At last the chatter, the words of command, the snatches of song, and that most favorite chorus: "Me! Me! Me and my girl!" died away, and the wharf was silent and the great ship silent, and a wonderful clear dark beauty usurped the gray spaces of the sky. By the light of the stars and a half moon the far harbor shores were just visible, and the huddled dark buildings of the near shore, and all the inspiring masts and feathery appanage of ropes on the moored ships, and a bright red light, casting its blood-red gleam on the black water. All the night had that breathless beauty which steeps the soul in quivering quiet rapture. . . .

Then it was that, clearly, as if I had been a welcomer standing on land in one of the wharf gaps, I saw her come—slow, slow, creeping up the narrow channel, in beside the wharf, a great gray silent ship. At first I thought her utterly empty, deserted, possessed only by the huge coiled cables forward, the great rusty anchors, the gray piled-up machinery of structure and funnel and mast, weird in the blue darkness. A lantern on the wharf cast a bobbing golden gleam deep into the oily water at her side. Gun-gray, perfectly mute, she ceased to move, coming to rest against the wharf, and then I saw with a shiver that something clung round her, a sort of gray film of emanation, which shifted and hovered, like the invisible wings of birds in a thick mist. Gradually to my straining eyes that gray filmy emanation granulated, and became faces attached to gray filmy forms, thousands upon thousands, and every face bent towards the shore, staring as it seemed, through me, at all that was behind. Slowly, very slowly I made out those faces of soldiers, helmeted, bulky with the gear of battle, their arms outstretched—and in every face the lips opened, so that one expected to hear the sound of cheering; but there came no sound. And now I could see their eyes. How wonderful they were! They seemed to ask, like the eyes of a little eager boy who asks his mother something that she cannot tell him; and their outstretched hands seemed to be trying to reach her, how lovingly, how desperately they seemed to be trying to reach her! And how terribly their opened lips seemed trying to speak! Yet from all the great gray muffled ship there came not one whisper of sound! "Mother! Mother Canada!" As if I had heard it, I knew they were saying—those opened lips that could speak no more! "Mother! Mother Canada! Home! Home!"

And then away down the wharf there jingled out the chanted words: "Me! Me! Me and my girl!" And, silent as she had come, the great gun-gray muffled ship vanished in all her length, and with her those forms and those mute faces; and I was standing again in the bows beside a coiled hawser, below me the golden gleam bobbing deep in the oily water, and above me the cold stars in beauty shining.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

Youth

O blundering frailty of youth,
Forever dancing your stealthy valse caprice,
You dream a sky upon the vain, scarred floor,
And make yourself a lonely cloud.
O blundering frailty of youth
Forever turning shrouds to bridal-robes,
You win a moment of release,
And then life falls upon your face.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

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The Undying Fire

CHAPTER THE FIFTH

Elihu Reproves Job

§ I.

"I DON'T know how all this strikes you," said Mr. Farr turning suddenly upon Dr. Barrack.

"Well, it's—interestin'," said Dr. Barrack, leaning forward upon his folded arms upon the table, and considering his words carefully.

"It's interestin'," he repeated. "I don't know how far you want to hear what I think about it. I'm rather a downright person."

Sir Eliphaz with great urbanity motioned him to speak on.

"There's been, if you'll forgive me, nonsense upon both sides."

He turned to Sir Eliphaz. "This spook stuff," he said, and paused and compressed his lips and shook his head.

"It won't do.

"I have given some little attention to the evidences in that matter. I'm something of a psychologist—a doctor has to be. Of course, Sir Eliphaz, you're not responsible for all the nonsense you have been talking about sublimated bricks and spook dogs made of concentrated smell."

Sir Eliphaz was convulsed. "Tut, tut!" he said. "But indeed—!"

"No offence, Sir Eliphaz! If you don't want me to talk I won't; but if you do, then I must say what I have in my mind. And as I say, I don't hold you responsible for the things you have been saying. All this cheap medium stuff has been shot upon the world by Sir Oliver J. Lodge, handed out by him to people distraught with grief, in a great fat impressive-looking volume. . . . No end of them have tried their utmost to take it seriously. . . . It's been a pitiful business. . . . I've no doubt the man is honest after his lights, but what lights they are! Obstinate credulity posing as liberalism. He takes every pretence and dodge of these mediums, he accepts their explanations, he sorts over their babble and rearranges it to make it seem striking. Look at his critical ability! Because many of the mediums are fairly respectable people who either make no money by their revelations, or at most a very ordinary living—it's a guinea a go, I believe, usually—he insists upon their honesty. That's his key blunder. Any doctor could tell him, as I could have told him after my first year's practice, that telling the truth is the very last triumph of the human mind. Hardly any of my patients tell the truth—ever. It isn't only that they haven't a tithe of the critical ability and detachment necessary, they haven't any real desire to tell the truth. They want to produce effects. Human beings are artistic still; they aren't beginning to be scientific. Either they minimize or they exaggerate. We all do. If I saw a cat run over outside and I came in here to tell you about it, I should certainly touch up the story, make it more dramatic, hurt the cat more, make the dray bigger and so on. I should want to justify my telling the story. Put a woman in that chair there, tell her to close her eyes and feel odd, and she'll feel odd right enough; tell her to produce words and sentences that she finds in her head and she'll produce them; give her half a hint that it comes from eastern Asia and the stuff will begin to correspond to her ideas of pigeon English. It isn't that she is cunningly and elaborately deceiving you. It is that she wants to come up to your expectation. You are focusing your interest on her, and all human beings like to have interest focused on them, so long as it isn't too hostile. She'll cling to that interest all she knows how. She'll cling instinctively. Most of these mediums never held the attention of a roomful of people in their lives until they found out this way of doing it. . . . What can you expect?"

Dr. Barrack cleared his throat. "But all that's beside the question," he said. "Don't think that because I reject all this spook stuff, I'm setting up any finality for the science we have today. It's just a little weak squirt of knowledge—all the science in the world. I grant you there may be forces, I would almost say there must be forces in the world, forces universally present, of which we still know nothing. Take the case of electricity. What did men know of electricity in the days of Gilbert? Practically nothing. In the early Neolithic age I doubt if any men had ever noticed there was such a thing as air. I grant you that most things are still unknown. Things perhaps right under our noses. But that doesn't help the case of Sir Eliphaz one little bit. These unknown things, as they become known, will join on to the things we do know. They'll complicate our ideas, but they won't alter our general ideas. They'll be things *in* the system. They won't get you out of the grip of the arguments Mr. Huss has brought forward. So far, so far as concerns *your* immortality, Sir Eliphaz, I am, you see, entirely with Mr. Huss. It's a fancy; it's a dream. As a fancy it's about as pretty as creaking boards at bedtime; as a dream—. It's unattractive. As Mr. Huss has said.

"But when it comes to Mr. Huss and *his* Immortality then I find myself with you, gentlemen. That, too, is a dream. Less than a dream. Less even than a fancy; it's a play on words. Here is this Undying Flame, this Spirit of God in man; it's in him, he says, it's in you, Sir Eliphaz, it's in you, Mr.—Dad, wasn't it?—it's in this other gentleman whose name I didn't quite catch; and it's in me. Well, it's extraordinary that none of us know of it except Mr. Huss. How you feel about it I don't know, but personally I object to being made a part of God and one with Mr. Huss without my consent in this way. I prefer to remain myself. That may be egotism, but I am by nature an egotistical creature. And Agnostic. . . .

"You've got me talking now, and I may as well go through with it. What is an Agnostic really? A man who accepts fully the limitations of the human intelligence, who takes the world as he finds it, and who takes himself as he finds himself and declines to go further. There may be other universes and dimensions galore. There may be a fourth dimension, for example, and, if you like, a fifth dimension and a sixth dimension and any number of other dimensions. They don't concern me. I live in this uni-

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verse and in three dimensions, and I have no more interest in all these other universes and dimensions than a bug under the wallpaper has in the deep, deep sea. Possibly there are bugs under the wallpaper with a kind of reasoned consciousness of the existence of the deep, deep sea, and a half belief that when at last the Keating's powder gets them, thither they will go. I—if I may have one more go at the image—just live under the wallpaper. . . .

"I am an Agnostic, I say. I have had my eyes pretty wide open at the universe since I came into it six and thirty years ago. And not only have I never seen nor heard of nor smelt nor touched a ghost or spirit, Sir Eliphaz, but I have never seen a gleam or sign of this Providence, the Great God of the World of yours, or of this other minor and modern God that Mr. Huss has taken up. In the hearts of man I have found malformations, ossifications, clots, and fatty degeneration; but never a God.

"You will excuse me if I speak plainly to you, gentlemen, but this gentleman, whose name I haven't somehow got—"

"Farr."

"Mr. Farr, has brought it down on himself, and you. He called me in, and I am interested in these questions. It's clear to me that since we exist there's something in all this. But what it is I'm convinced I haven't the ganglia even to begin to understand. I decline either the wild guesses of the Spookist and Providentialist—I must put you there, I'm afraid, Sir Eliphaz—or the metaphors of Mr. Huss. Fact. . . "

Dr. Barrack paused. "I put my faith in Fact."

"There's a lot in Fact," said Mr. Dad, who found much that was congenial in the doctor's downright style.

"What do I see about me?" asked Dr. Barrack. "A struggle for existence. About that I ask a very plain and simple question: why try to get behind it? That is It. It made me. I study it and watch it. It put me up like a cockshy, and it keeps on trying to destroy me. I do my best to dodge its blows. It got my leg. My head is bloody but unbowed. I reproduce my kind—as abundantly as circumstances permit—I stamp myself upon the universe as much as possible. If I am right, if I do the right things and have decently good luck, I shall hold out until my waning instincts dispose me to rest. My breed and influence are the marks of my rightness. What else is there? You may call this struggle what you like. God, if you like. But God for me is an anthropomorphic idea. Call it The Process."

"Why not Evolution?" said Mr. Huss.

"I prefer The Process. The word Evolution rather begs the moral question. It's a cheap word. 'Shon!' Evolution seems to suggest just a simple and automatic unfolding. The Process is complex; it has its ups and downs—as Mr. Huss understands. It is more like a Will than an Automaton. A Will feeling about. It isn't indifferent to us as Mr. Huss suggests; it uses us. It isn't subordinate to us as Sir Eliphaz would have us believe; playing the part of a Providence just for our comfort and happiness. Some of us are hammer and some of us are anvil, some of us are sparks and some of us are the beaten stuff which survives. The Process doesn't confide in us; why should it? We learn what we can about it, and make what is called a practical use of it, for that is what the will in the Process requires."

Mr. Dad, stirred by the word "practical," made a noise of assent. But not a very confident noise; a loan rather than a gift.

"And that is where it seems to me that Mr. Huss goes wrong altogether. He does not submit himself to those Realities. He sets up something called the Spirit in Man, or the God in his Heart, to judge them. He wants to judge the universe by the standards of the human intelligence at its present stage of development. That's where I fall out with him. These are not fixed standards. Man goes on developing and evolving. Some things offend the sense of justice in Mr. Huss, but that is no enduring criterion of justice; the human sense of justice has developed out of something different, and it will develop again into something different. Like everything else in us, it has been produced by the Process and it will be modified by the Process. Some things, again, he says are not beautiful. There also he would condemn. But nothing changes like the sense of beauty. A band of art students can start a new movement, cubist, vorticist, or what not, and change your sense of beauty. If seeing things as beautiful conduces to survival, we shall see them as beautiful sooner or later, rest assured. I daresay the hyenas admire each other—in the rutting season anyhow. . . . So it is with mercy and with everything. Each creature has its own standards. After man is the Beyond-Man, who may find mercy folly, who may delight in things that pain our feeble spirits. We have to obey the Process in our own place and our own time. That is how I see things. That is the stark truth of the universe looked at plainly and hard."

The lips of Mr. Dad repeated noiselessly: "plainly and hard." But he felt very uncertain.

For some moments the doctor sat with his forearms resting on the table as if he had done. Then he resumed.

"I gather that this talk here today arose out of a discussion about education."

"You'd hardly believe it," said Mr. Dad.

But Dr. Barrack's next remark checked Mr. Dad's growing approval. "That seems perfectly logical to me. It's one of the things I can never understand about schoolmasters and politicians and suchlike, the way they seem to take it for granted you can educate and not bring in religion and socialism and all your beliefs. What *is* education? Teaching young people to talk and read and write and calculate in order that they may be told how they stand in the world and what we think we and the world generally are up to, and the part we expect them to play in the game. Well, how can we do that and at the same time leave it all out? What *is* the game? That *is* what every youngster wants to know. Answering him, is education. Either we are going to say what we think the game is plainly and straightforwardly, or else we are going to make motions as though we were educating when we are really doing nothing of the kind. In which case the stupid ones will grow up with their heads all in a muddle and be led by any old catchword anywhere according to luck, and the clever ones will grow up with the idea that life is a sort of empty swindle. Most educated people in this country believe it is a sham and a swindle. They flounder about and never get up against a reality. . . . It's amazing how people can lose their

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grip on reality—how most people have. The way my patients come along to me and tell me lies—even about their stomach-aches. The idea of anything being direct and reasonable has gone clean out of their heads. They think they can fool me about the facts, and that when I'm properly fooled, I shall then humbug their stomachs into not aching —somehow. . . .

"Now my gospel is this: face facts. Take the world as it is and take yourself as you are. And the fundamental fact we all have to face is this, that this Process takes no account of our desires or fears or moral ideas or anything of the sort. It puts us up, it tries us over, and if we don't stand the tests it knocks us down and ends us. That may not be right by the atoms and the stars. Then what must a proper Education be?"

Dr. Barrack paused. "Tell them what the world is, tell them every rule and trick of the game mankind has learnt, and tell them '*Be yourselves.*' Be yourselves up to the hilt. It is no good being anything but our essential self because—"

Dr. Barrack spoke like one who quotes a sacred formula. "*There is no inheritance of acquired characteristics.* Your essential self, your essential heredity, are on trial. Put everything of yourself into the Process. If the Process wants you it will accept you; if it doesn't you will go under. You can't help it—either way. You may be the bit of marble that is left in the statue, or you may be the bit of marble that is thrown away. You can't help it. ***Be yourself!***"

Dr. Barrack had sat back; he raised his voice at the last words and lifted his hand as if to smite the table. But, so good a thing is professional training, he let his hand fall slowly, as he remembered that Mr. Huss was his patient.

§ 2.

Mr. Huss did not speak for some moments. He was thinking so deeply that he seemed to be unobservant of the cessation of the doctor's discourse.

Then he awoke to the silence with a start.

"You do not differ among yourselves so much as you may think," he said at last.

"You all argue to one end, however wide apart your starting points may be. You argue that men may lead fragmentary lives. . . .

"And," he reflected further, "submissive lives."

"*Not* submissive," said Dr. Barrack in a kind of foot note.

"You say, Sir Eliphaz, that this Universe is in the charge of Providence, all-wise and amiable. That He guides this world to ends we cannot understand; desirable ends, did we but know them, but incomprehensible; that this life, this whole Universe, is but the starting point for a developing series of immortal lives. And from this you conclude that the part a human being has to play in this scheme is the part of a trustful child, which needs only not pester the Higher Powers, which needs only do its few simple congenial duties, to be surely preserved and rewarded and carried on."

"There is much in simple faith," said Sir Eliphaz; "sneer though you may."

"But your view is a grimmer one, Dr. Barrack; you say that this Process is utterly beyond knowledge and control. We cannot alter it or appease it. It makes of some of us vessels of honor and of others vessels of dishonor. It has scrawled our race across the black emptiness of space and it may wipe us out again. Such is the quality of Fate. We can but follow our lights and instincts. . . . In the end, in practical matters, your teaching marches with the teachings of Sir Eliphaz. You bow to the thing that is, he gladly and trustfully—with a certain old-world courtesy—you grimly in the modern style. . . ."

For some moments Mr. Huss sat with compressed lips, as though he listened to the pain within him. Then he said: "I don't.

"I don't submit. I rebel—not in my own strength nor by my own impulse. I rebel by the spirit of God in me. I rebel not merely to make weak gestures of defiance against the black disorder and cruelties of space and time, but for mastery. I am a rebel of pride—I am full of the pride of God in my heart. I am the servant of a rebellious and adventurous God who may yet bring order into this cruel and frightful chaos in which we are driven hither and thither, a God who, in spite of all appearances, may yet rule over it at last and mould it to His will."

"*What* a world it will be!" whispered Mr. Farr, unable to restrain himself and yet half-ashamed of his sneer.

"What a world it is, Farr! What a cunning and watchful world! Does it serve even *you?* So insecure has it become that opportunity may yet turn a frightful face upon you—in the very moment as you snatch. . . .

"But you see how I differ from you all. You see that the spirit of my life and of my teaching—of my teaching—for all its weaknesses and slips and failures, is a fight against that Dark Being of the universe who seeks to crush us all. Who broods over me now even as I talk to you. . . . It is a fight against disorder, a refusal of that very submission you have made, a repudiation altogether of that same voluntary death in life. . . ."

He moistened his lips and resumed.

"The end and substance of all real education is to teach men and women of the Battle of God, to teach them of the beginnings of life upon this lonely little planet amidst the endless stars, and how those beginnings have unfolded; to show them how man has arisen through the long ages from amidst the beasts, and the nature of the struggle God wages through him, and to draw all men together out of themselves into one common life and effort with God. The nature of God's struggle is the essence of our dispute. It is a struggle, with a hope of victory but with no assurance. You have argued, Sir Eliphaz, that it is an unreal struggle, a sham fight, that indeed all things are perfectly adjusted and for our final happiness, and when I have reminded you a little of the unmasked horrors about us, you have shifted your ground of compensation into another—into an incredible—world."

Sir Eliphaz sounded dissent musically. Then he waved his long hand as Mr. Huss paused and regarded him. "But go on!" he said. "Go on!"

"And now I come to you, Dr. Barrack, and your modern fatalism. You hold this universe is uncontrollable—anyhow. And incomprehensible. For good or ill, we can be no more than our strenuous selves. You must, you say, *be yourself.* I answer, you must lose yourself in something altogether greater—in God. . . . There is a curious likeness,

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Doctor, and a curious difference in your views and mine. I think you see the world very much as I see it, but you see it coldly like a man before sunrise, and I—"

He paused. "There is a light upon it," he asserted with a noticeable flatness in his voice. "There is a light. . . . light. . . . There is hope for mankind."

He continued as if talking to himself. "If men can be united in the spirit of God. . . . The whole universe is ours through God. . . . conditionally. . . ."

But he spoke as if he reasoned with himself, not very hopefully, as though he doubted his case. For a while it seemed as if the light he spoke of had gone from him and as if the shadow had engulfed him. When he spoke again it was with an evident effort.

He turned to Dr. Barrack. "You think," he said, "that there is a will in this Process of yours which will take things somewhere, somewhere definitely greater or better or onward. I hold that there is no will at all except in and through ourselves. If there be any will at all. . . . I hold that even your maxim 'be ourselves' is a paradox, for we cannot be ourselves until we have lost ourselves in God. I have talked to Sir Eliphaz and to you since you came in, of the boundless disorder and evil of nature. Let me talk to you now of the boundless miseries that arise from the disorderliness of men and that must continue age after age until either men are united in spirit and in truth or destroyed through their own incoherence. Whether men will be lost or saved I do not know. There have been times when I was sure that God would triumph in us. . . . But dark shadows have fallen upon my spirit. . . .

"Consider the posture of men's affairs now, consider where they stand today, because they have not yet begun to look deeply and frankly into realities; because, as they put it, they take life as they find it, because *they are themselves,* heedless of history, and do not realize that in truth they are but parts in one great adventure in space and time. For four years now the world has been marching deeper and deeper into tragedy. . . . Our life that seemed so safe grows insecure and more and more insecure. . . . Six million soldiers, six million young men, have been killed on the battlefields alone; three times as many have been crippled and mutilated; as many again who were not soldiers have been destroyed. That has been only the beginning of the disaster that has come upon our race. All human relationships have been strained; roads, ships, harvests destroyed; and behind the red swift tragedy of this warfare comes the gaunt and desolating face of universal famine now, and behind famine that inevitable follower of famine, pestilence. You gentlemen who have played so useful a part in supplying munitions of war, who have every reason in days well spent and energies well used to see a transitory brightness upon these sombre things, you may tell me that I lack faith when I say that I can see nothing to redeem the waste and destruction of the last four years and the still greater waste and spiritless disorder and poverty and disease ahead of us. You will tell me that the world has learnt a lesson it could learn in no other way, that we shall set up a World League of Nations now and put an end to war. But on what will you set up your World League of Nations? What foundations have you made in the last four years but ruins? Is there any common idea, any common understanding yet in the minds of men? They are still taking the world as they find it, they are being their unmitigated selves more than ever, and below the few who scramble for profits now is a more and more wolfish multitude scrambling for bread. There are no common ideas in men's minds upon which we can build. How can men be united except by common ideas? The schools have failed the world. What common thought is there in the world? A loud bawling of base newspapers, a posturing of politicians. You can see chaos coming again over all the east of Europe now, and bit by bit western Europe crumbles and drops into the confusion. Art, science, reasoned thought, creative effort, such things have ceased altogether in Russia; they may have ceased there perhaps for centuries; they die now in Germany; the universities of the West are bloodless and drained of their youth. That war that seemed at first so like the dawn of a greater age has ceased to matter in the face of this greater disaster. The French and British and Americans are beating back the Germans from Paris. Can they beat them back to any distance? Will not this present counter-thrust diminish and fail as the others have done? Which side may first drop exhausted now, will hardly change the supreme fact. The supreme fact is exhaustion; exhaustion, mental as well as material, failure to grasp and comprehend, cessation even of attempts to grasp and comprehend, slackening of every sort of effort. . . . ."

"What's the *good* of such despair?" said Mr. Dad.

"I do not despair. No. But what is the good of lying about hope and success in the midst of failure and gathering disaster? What is the good of saying that mankind wins —automatically—against the spirit of evil, when mankind is visibly losing point after point, is visibly losing heart? What is the good of pretending that there is order and benevolence or some sort of splendid and incomprehensible process in this festering waste, this windy desolation of reasonless things? There is no reason anywhere, there is no creation anywhere, except the undying fire, the spirit of God in the hearts of men. . . . which may fail. . . . which may fail . . . which seems to me to fail."

§ 3.

He paused. Dr. Barrack cleared his throat.

"I don't want to seem obdurate," said Dr. Barrack. "I want to respect deep feeling. One must respect deep feeling. . . . But for the life of me I can't put much meaning into this phrase, *the spirit of God in the hearts of men.* It's rather against my habits to worry a patient, but this is so interesting—this is an exceptional occasion. I would like to ask you, Mr. Huss—frankly—is there anything very much more to it, than a phrase?"

There was no answer.

"Words," said Mr. Dad; "Joost words. If Mr. Huss had ever spent three months of war time running a big engineering factory—"

"My mind is a sceptical mind," Dr. Barrack went on, after staring a moment to see if Mr. Dad meant to finish his sentence. "I want things I can feel and handle. I am an Agnostic by nature and habit and profession. A Doubting Thomas, born and bred. Well, I take it that about the universe Mr. Huss is very much of an Agnostic, too. More so. He doubts more than I do. He doubts whether there is any trace of plan or purpose in it. What I call a

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Process, he calls a windy desolation. He sees Chaos still waiting for a creator. But then he sets up against that this undying fire of his, this spirit of God, which is lit in him and only waiting to be lighted in us, a sort of insurgent apprentice creator. Well—"

The doctor frowned and meditated on his words.

"I want more of the practical outcome of this fire. I admit a certain poetry in the idea, but I am a plain and practical man. Give me something to know this fire by and to recognize it again when I see it. I won't ask *why* 'undying.' I won't quibble about that. But what does this undying fire mean in actual things and our daily life? In some way it is mixed up with teaching history in schools." A faint note of derision made him glance at the face to his right. "That doesn't strike me as being so queer as it seems to strike Mr. Farr. It interests me. There is a case for it. But I think there are several links Mr. Huss hasn't shown and several vital points he still has to explain. This undying fire is something that is burning in Mr. Huss, and I gather from his pretty broad hints it ought, he thinks, to be burning in me—and you, gentlemen. It is something that makes us forget our little personal differences, makes us forget ourselves, and brings us all into line against—what? That's my first point—against what? I don't see the force and value of this line-up. *I* think we struggle against one another by nature and necessity; that we polish one another in the struggle and sharpen our edges. I think that out of this struggle for existence come better things and better. They may not be better things by our standards now, but by the standards of the Process, they are. Sometimes the mills of the Process may seem overpoweringly grim and high and pitiless; that is a question of scale. But Mr. Huss does not believe in the struggle. He wants to take men's minds and teach them so that they will not struggle against each other but live and work all together. *For* what? That is my second point—*for* what? There is a rationality in my idea of an everlasting struggle making incessantly for betterment, such an idea does at any rate give a direction and take us somewhere; but there is no rationality in declaring we are still fighting and fighting more than ever, while in effect we are arranging to stop that struggle which carries life on—if we can—if we can. That is the paradox of Mr. Huss. When there is neither competition at home nor war abroad, when the cat and the bird have come to a satisfactory understanding, when the spirit of his human God rules even in the jungle and the sea, then where shall we be heading? Time will be still unfolding. But man will have halted. If he has ceased to compete individually he will have halted. Mr. Huss looks at me as if he thought I wronged him in saying that. Well, then he must answer my questions: what will the Human God be leading us *against,* and what shall we be living *for?*"

§ 4.

"Let me tell you first what the spirit of God struggles against," said Mr. Huss.

"I will not dispute that this Process of yours has made good things; all the good things in man it has made as well as all the evil. It has made them indifferently. In us—in some of us—it has made the will to seize upon that chance-born good and separate it from the chance-born evil. The spirit of God rises out of your Process as if he were a part of your Process. . . . Except for him, the good and evil are inextricably mixed; good things flower into evil things and evil things wholly or partially redeem themselves by good consequences. 'Good' and 'evil' have meaning only for us. The Process is indifferent; it makes, it destroys, it favors, it torments. Of itself it preserves nothing and continues nothing. But for us it has made opportunity. Life is opportunity. Unless we do now ourselves seize hold upon life and the Process while we are in it, the Process, becoming uncontrollable again, will presently sweep us altogether away. In the back of your mind, doctor, is the belief in a happy ending just as much as in the mind of Sir Eliphaz. I see deeper because I am not blinded by health. You think that beyond man comes some sort of splendid super-man. A healthy delusion! There is nothing beyond man unless men will that something shall be. We shall be wiped out as carelessly as we have been made, and something else will come, as disconnected and aimless, something neither necessarily better nor necessarily worse but something different, to be wiped out in its turn. Unless the spirit of God that moves in us can rouse us to seize this universe for Him and ourselves, that is the nature of your Process. Your Process is just Chaos; man is the opportunity—the passing opportunity for order in the waste.

"People write and talk as if this great war which is now wrecking the world, was a dramatic and consecutive thing. They talk of it as a purge, as a great lesson, as a phase in history that marks the end of wars and divisions. So it might be; but is it so and will it be so? I asked you a little time ago to look straightly at the realities of animal life, of life in general as we know it. I think I did a little persuade you to my own sense of the shallowness of our assumption that there is any natural happiness. The poor beasts and creatures have to suffer. I ask you now to look as straightly at the thing that men have done and endured in this war. It is plain that they have shown extraordinary fertility and ingenuity in the inventions they have used and an amazing capacity for sacrifice and courage; but it is, I argue, equally plain that the pains and agonies they have undergone have taught the race little or nothing, and that their devices have been mainly for their own destruction. The only lesson and the only betterment that can come out of this war will come if men, inspired by the Divine courage, say 'This and all such things must end.' . . . But I do not perceive them saying that. On the other hand, I do perceive a great amount of human energy and ability that has been devoted and is still being devoted to things that lead straight to futility and extinction.

"The most desolating thing about this war is neither the stupidity nor the cruelty of it, but the streak of perversion that has run through it. Against the meagreness of the intelligence that made the war, against the absolute inability of the good forces in life to arrest it and end it, I ask you to balance the intelligence and devotion that has gone to such an enterprise as the offensive use of poison gas. Consider the ingenuity and the elaboration of that; the different sorts of shell used, the beautifully finished devices to delay the release of the poison so as to catch men unawares after their gas masks are removed. One method much in favor with the Germans now involves the use of two sorts of gas. They have a gas now not very deadly but so subtle that it penetrates the gas mask and produces nausea and retching.

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The man is overcome by the dread of being sick so that he will clog his mask and suffocate, and he snatches off his protection in an ungovernable physical panic. Then the second gas, of the coarser, more deadly type, comes into play. That he breathes in fully. His breath catches; he realizes what he has done but it is too late; death has him by the throat; he passes through horrible discomfort and torment to the end. You cough, you stagger, you writhe upon the ground and are deadly sick. . . . You die heaving and panting, with staring eyes. . . . So it is men are being killed now; it is but one of a multitude of methods, disgusting, undignified, and monstrous, but intelligent, technically admirable. . . . You cannot deny, Doctor Barrack, that this ingenious mixture is one of the last fruits of your Process. To that your Process has at last brought men from the hoeing and herding of Neolithic days.

"Now tell me how is the onward progress of mankind to anything, anywhere, secured by this fine flower of the Process? Intellectual energy, industrial energy, are used up without stint to make this horror possible; multitudes of brave young men are spoilt or killed. Is there any selection in it? Along such lines can you imagine men or life or the universe getting anywhere at all?

"Why do they do such things?

"They do not do it out of a complete and organized impulse to evil. If you took the series of researches and inventions that led at last to this use of poison gas, you would find they were the work of a multitude of mainly amiable, fairly virtuous, and kindly-meaning men. Each one was *doing his bit,* as Mr. Dad would say; each one, to use your phrase, doctor, was *being himself* and utilizing the gift that was in him in accordance with the drift of the world about him, each one, Sir Eliphaz, was modestly *taking the world as he found it.* They were living in an uninformed world with no common understanding and no collective plan, a world ignorant of its true history and with no conception of its future. Into these horrors they drifted for the want of a world education. Out of these horrors no lesson will be learnt, no will can arise, for the same reason. Every man lives ignorantly in his own circumstances, from hand to mouth, from day to day, swayed first of all by this catchword and then by that.

"Let me take another instance of the way in which human ability and energy if they are left to themselves, without coordination, without a common basis of purpose, without a God, will run into cul-de-sacs of mere horribleness; let me remind you a little of what the submarine is and what it signifies. In this country we think of the submarine as an instrument of murder; but we think of it as something ingeniously contrived and at any rate not tormenting and destroying the hands that guide it. I will not recall to you the stories that fill our newspapers of men drowning in the night, of crowded boatloads of sailors and passengers shelled and sunken, of men forced to clamber out of the sea upon the destroying U-boat and robbed of their lifebelts in order that when it submerged they should be more surely drowned. I want you to think of the submarine in itself. There is a kind of crazy belief that killing, however cruel, has a kind of justification in the survival of the killer; we make that our excuse for instance for the destruction of the native Tasmanians who were shot whenever they were seen, and killed by poisoned meat left in their paths. But the marvel of these submarines is that they also torture and kill their own crews. They are miracles of short-sighted ingenuity for the common unprofitable reasonless destruction of Germans and their enemies. They are almost quintessential examples of the elaborate futility and horror into which partial ideas about life, combative and competitive ideas of life, thrust mankind.

"Take some poor German boy with an ordinary sort of intelligence, an ordinary human disposition to kindliness, and some gallantry, who becomes finally a sailor in one of these craft. Consider his case and what we do to him. You will find in him a sample of what we are doing for mankind. As a child he is ingenuous, teachable, plastic. He is also egotistical, greedy, and suspicious. He is easily led and easily frightened. He likes making things if he knows how to make them; he is capable of affection and capable of resentment. He is a sheet of white paper upon which anything may be written. His parents teach him, his companions, his school. Do they teach him anything of the great history of mankind? Do they teach him of his blood brotherhood with all men? Do they tell him anything of discovery, of exploration, of human effort and achievement? No. They teach him that he belongs to a blond and wonderful race, the only race that matters on this planet. (No such distinct race ever existed; it is a lie for the damning of men.) And these teachers incite him to suspicion and hatred and contempt of all other races. They fill his mind with fears and hostilities. Everything German they tell him is good and splendid. Everything not German is dangerous and wicked. They take that poor actor of an emperor at Potsdam and glorify him until he shines upon this lad's mind like a star. . . .

"The boy grows up a mental cripple; his capacity for devotion and self-sacrifice is run into a mould of fanatical loyalty for the Kaiser and hatred for foreign things. Comes this war, and the youngster is only too eager to give himself where he is most needed. He is told that the submarine war is the sure way of striking the enemies of his country a conclusive blow. To be in a submarine is to be at the spear point. He dare scarcely hope that he will be accepted for this vital service; to which princes might aspire. But he is fortunate; he is. He trains for a submarine.

"I do not know how far you gentlemen remember your youth. A schoolmaster perhaps remembers more of his early adolescence than other men because he is being continually reminded of it. But it is a time of very fine emotions, boundless ambitions, a newly awakened and eager sense of beauty. This youngster sees himself as a hero, fighting for his half divine Kaiser, for dear Germany, against the cold and evil barbarians who resist and would destroy her. He passes through his drill and training. He goes down into a submarine for the first time, clambers down the narrow hatchway. It is a little cold, but wonderful; a marvellous machine. How can such a nest of inventions, ingenuities, beautiful metal-work, wonderful craftsmanship, be anything but right? His mind is full of dreams of proud enemy battleships smitten and heeling over into the waters, while he watches his handiwork with a stern pride, a restrained exultation, a sense of Germany vindicated. . . .

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"That is how his mind has been made for him. That is the sort of mind that has been made and is being made in boys all over the world. . . . Because there is no common plan in the world, because each person in the making of this boy, just as each person in the making of the submarine, had 'been himself' and 'done his bit,' followed his own impulses and interests without regard to the whole, regardless of any plan or purpose in human affairs, ignorant of the spirit of God who would unify us and lead us to a common use for all our gifts and energies.

"Let me go on with the story of this youngster. . . .

"Comes a day when he realizes the reality of the work he is doing for his kind. He stands by one of the guns of the submarine in an attack upon some wretched ocean tramp. He realizes that the war he wages is no heroic attack on pride or predominance, but a mere murdering of traffic. He sees the little ship shelled, the wretched men killed and wounded, no tyrants of the seas but sailor-men like himself; he sees their boats smashed to pieces. Mostly such sinkings are done at dawn or sundown, under a level light which displays a world of black lines and black silhouettes asway with the slow heaving and falling of coldly shining water. These little black things, he realizes incredulously, that struggle and disappear amidst the wreckage are the heads of men, brothers to himself. . . .

"For hundreds of thousands of men who have come into this war expecting bright and romantic and tremendous experiences their first killing must have been a hideous disillusionment. For none so much as for the men of the submarines. All that sense of being right and fine that carries men into battle, that carries most of us through the world, must have vanished completely at this first vision of reality. Our man must have asked himself, *'What am I doing?'* . . .

"In the night he must have lain awake and stared at that question in horrible doubt. . . .

"We scold too much at the German submarine crews in this country. Most of us in their places would be impelled to go on as they go on. The work they do has been reached step by step, logically, inevitably, because our world has been content to drift along on false premises and haphazard assumptions about nationality and race and the order of things. These things have happened because the technical education of men has been better than their historical and social education. Once men have lost touch with, or failed to apprehend that idea of a single human community, that idea which is the substance of all true history and the essential teaching of God, it is towards such organized abominations as these that they drift—necessarily. People in this country who are just as incoherent in their minds, just as likely to drift into some kindred cul-de-sac of conduct, would have these U-boat men tortured—to show the superiority of their own moral standards.

"But indeed these men *are* tortured. . . .

"Bear yet a little longer with this boy of mine in the U-boat. I've tried to suggest him to you with his conscience scared—at a moment when his submarine had made a kill. But those moments are rare. For most of its time the U-boat is under water and a hunted thing. The surface swarms with hostile craft; sea-planes and observation balloons are seeking it. Every time a U-boat comes even near to the surface it may be spotted by a sea-plane and destruction may fall upon it. Even when it is submerged below the limits of visibility in the turbid North Sea waters, the noise of its engines will betray it to a listening apparatus and a happy guess with a depth-charge may end its career. I want you to think of the daily life of this youngster under these conditions. I want you to see exactly where wrong ideas, not his, but wrong ideas ruling in the world about him, are driving him.

"The method of detection by listening apparatus improves steadily, and nowadays our destroyers will follow up a U-boat sometimes for sixty or seventy hours, following her sounds as a hound follows the scent of its quarry. At last, if the U-boat cannot shake off her pursuers she must come to the surface and fight or surrender. That is the strangest game of Blind-Man that ever human being played. The U-boat doubles and turns, listening also for the sounds of the pursuers at the surface. Are they coming nearer? Are they getting fainter? Unless a helpful mud bank is available for it to lie up in silence for a time, the U-boat must keep moving and using up electrical force, so that ultimately it must come to the surface to recharge its batteries. As far as possible the crew of the U-boat are kept in ignorance of the chase in progress. They get hints from the anxiety or irritation of the commander, or from the haste and variety of his orders. Something is going on—they do not know quite what—something that may end disagreeably. If the pursuer tries a depth charge, then they know for certain that the hand of death is feeling for them in the darkness. . . .

"Always the dread of a depth charge must haunt the imagination of the U-boat sailor. Without notice, at any hour, may come thud and concussion to warn him that the destroying powers are on his track. The fragile ship jumps and quivers from end to end; the men are thrown about. That happens to our youngster. He curses the damned English. And if you think it over, what else can you expect him to curse? A little nearer and the rivets will start and actual leakage begin, letting in a pressure of several atmospheres. Yet a little nearer and the water will come pressing in through cracks and breaches at a score of points, the air will be compressed in his lungs, the long death struggle of the U-boat will begin, and after some hours of hopeless suffering he will suffocate and drown like a rat in a flooded tunnel. . . .

"Think of the life of endless apprehension in that confined space below the waters. The air is almost always stuffy and sometimes it is poisonous. All sorts of evil chances may occur in this crowded tinful of machinery to release oppressive gases and evil odors. A whiff of chlorine for instance may warn the crew of flooded accumulators. At the first sting of chlorine the U-boat must come up at any risk. . . . And nothing can be kept dry. The surfaces of the apparatus and the furniture sweat continually; except where the machinery radiates a certain heat a clammy chill pervades the whole contrivance. Have you ever seen the thick blubber of a whale? Only by means of that enormous layer of non-conductor can a whale keep its body warm in spite of the waters about it. A U-boat cannot afford any layer of blubber. It is at the temperature of the dark under-waters. And this life of cold, fear, suffocation, headache and nausea is not sustained by hot and

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nourishing food. There is no blazing galley fire for the cook of the U-boat.

"The U-boat rolls very easily; she is, of course, no heavier nor lighter than the water in which she floats, and if by chance she touches bottom in shallow water, she bounds about like a rubber ball on a pavement. Inside the sailors are thrown about and dashed against the machinery.

"That is the quality of everyday life in a U-boat retained below the surface. Now think what an emergence involves. Up she comes until the periscope can scrutinize the sky and the nearer sea. Nothing in sight? Thank God! She rises out of the water and some of the sailors get a breath of fresh air. Not all, for there is no room nor time for all of them to come out. But the fortunate ones who get to the hatches may even have the luck of sunshine. To come to the surface on a calm open sea away from any traffic at all is the secret hope of every U-boat sailor. But suppose now there is something in sight. Then the U-boat must come up with infinite discretion and examine the quarry. It looks an innocence craft, a liner, a trawler, a cargo-boat. But is that innocence certain? How does the U-boat man know that she hasn't a gun? What new contrivance of the hunter may not hide behind that harmless-looking mask? Until they have put a ship down, the U-boat sailors never know what ugly surprise she may have in store for them. When they approach a vessel they must needs be ignorant of what counter-attack creeps upon them from her unseen other side. As a consequence these men are in terror of every ship they hail.

"Is it any wonder then if their behavior is hasty and hysterical, if they curse and insult the wretched people they are proposing to drown, if they fire upon them unexpectedly and do strange and abominable things? The U-boat man is no fine captain on his quarter deck. He is a man who lives a life of intense physical hardship and extreme fear, who faces overwhelming risks, in order to commit as inglorious a crime as any man can commit. He is a man already in hell.

"The Germans do what they can to keep up the spirit of these crews. An English captain who spent a fortnight upon one as a prisoner and who was recently released by way of Switzerland, says that when they had sunk a merchant ship 'they played victory music on the gramophone.' Imagine that bleak festival!

"The inevitable end of the U-boat sailor, unless he is lucky enough to get captured, is death and a very horrible and slow death indeed. Sooner or later it is bound to come. Some never return from their first voyage. There is a brief spree ashore if they do; then out they go again. Perhaps they return a second time, perhaps not. Some may even have made a score of voyages, but sooner or later they are caught. The average life of a U-boat is less than five voyages—out and home. Of the crews of the original U-boats which began the U-boat campaign very few men survive today. When our young hopeful left his home in Germany to join the U-boat service, he left it for a certain death. He learns that slowly from the conversation of his mates. Men are so scarce now for this vile work that once Germany has got a man she will use him to the end.

"And that end—?

"I was given some particulars of the fate of one U-boat that were told by two prisoners who died at Harwich the other day. This particular boat was got by a mine which tore a hole in her aft. She was too disabled to come to the surface, and she began to sink tail down. Now the immediate effect of a hole in a U-boat is of course to bring the air pressure within her to the same level as the pressure of the water outside. For every ten yards of depth this means an addition of fourteen pounds to the square inch. The ears and blood vessels are suddenly subjected to this enormous pressure. There is at once a violent pain in the ears and a weight on the chest. Cotton wool has to be stuffed into ears and nostrils to save the ear drum. Then the boat is no longer on an even keel. The men stand and slip about on the sides of things. They clamber up the floor out of the way of the slowly rising water. For the water does not come rushing in to drown them speedily. It cannot do that because there is no escape for the air; the water creeps in steadily and stealthily as the U-boat goes deeper and deeper. It is a process of slow and crushing submergence that has the cruel deliberation of some story by Edgar Allan Poe; it may last for hours. A time comes when the lights go out and the rising waters stop the apparatus for keeping up the supply of oxygen and absorbing the carbonic acid. Suffocation begins. Think of what must happen in the minds of the doomed men crowded together amidst the machinery. In the particular case these prisoners described, several of the men drowned themselves deliberately in the rising waters inside the boat. And in another case where the boat was recovered full of dead men, they had all put their heads under the water inside the boat. People say the U-boat men carry poison against such mischances as this. They don't. It would be too tempting. . . .

"When it becomes evident that the U-boat can never recover the surface, there is usually an attempt to escape by the hatches. The hatches can be opened when at last the pressure inside is equal to that of the water without. The water of course rushes in and sinks the U-boat to the bottom like a stone, but the men *who are nearest to the hatch* have a chance of escape with the rush of air to the surface. There is of course a violent struggle to get nearest to the hatch. This is what happened in the case of the particular U-boat from which these prisoners came. The forward hatch was opened. Our patrol boat cruising above saw the waters thrown up by the air-burst and then the heads of the men struggling on the surface. Most of these men were screaming with pain. All of them went under before they could be picked up except two. And these two died in a day or so. They died because coming suddenly up to the ordinary atmosphere out of the compressed air of the sinking submarine had burst the tissues of their lungs. They were choked with blood.

"Think of those poor creatures dying in the hospital. They were worn out by fits of coughing and hemorrhage, but there must have been moments of exhausted quiet before the end, when our youngster lay and stared at the bleak walls of the ward and thought; when he asked himself, 'What have I been doing? What have I done? What has this world done for me? It has made me a murderer. It has tortured me and wasted me. . . . And I meant well by it. . . .'

"Whether he thought at all about the making of the submarine, the numberless ingenuities and devices, the patience and devotion, that had gone to make that grim

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trap in which he had been caught at last, I cannot guess. . . . Probably he took it as a matter of course. . . .

"So it was that our German youngster who dreamt dreams, who had ambitions, who wished to serve and do brave and honorable things, died. . . . So five thousand men at least have died, English some of them as well as German, in lost submarines beneath the waters of the narrow seas. . . .

"There is a story and a true story. It is more striking than the fate of most men and women in the world, but is it, in its essence, different? Is not the whole life of our time in the vein of this story? Is not this story of youth and hope and possibility misled, marched step by step into a world misconceived, thrust into evil, and driven down to ugliness and death, only a more vivid rendering of what is now the common fate of great multitudes? Is there any one of us who is not in some fashion aboard a submarine, doing evil and driving towards an evil end? . . .

"What are the businesses in which men engage? How many of them have any likeness to freighted ships that serve the good of mankind? Think of the lying and cornering, the crowding and outbidding, the professional etiquette that robs the common man, the unfair advantage smugly accepted! What man among us can say, 'All that I do is service'? Our holding and our effort; is it much better than the long interludes below the surface, and when we come up to struggle for our own hands, torpedoing competitors, wrecking antagonists, how is it with us? The submarine sailors stare in the twilight at drowning men. Every day I stare at a world drowning in poverty and ignorance, a world awash in the seas of hunger, disease, and misery. We have been given leisure, freedom, and intelligence; what have we done to prevent these things?

"I tell you all the world is a submarine, and every one of us is something of a U-boat man. These fools who squeal in the papers for cruelties to the U-boat men do not realize their own part in the world. . . . We might live in sunshine and freedom and security, and we live cramped and cold, in bitter danger, because we are at war with our fellow men. . . .

"But there, doctor, you have the answer to the first part of your question. You asked what the Spirit of God in Man was against. It is against these mental confusions, these ignorances, that thrust life into a frightful cul-de-sac, that the God in our Hearts urges us to fight. . . . He is crying out in our hearts to save us from these blind alleys of selfishness, darkness, cruelty, and pain in which our race must die; he is crying for the high road which is salvation, he is commanding the organized unity of mankind."

§ 5

The lassitude that had been earlier apparent in the manner of Mr. Huss had vanished. He was talking now with more energy; his eyes were bright and there was a flush in his cheeks. His voice was low, but his speech was clear and no longer broken by painful pauses.

"But your question had a double edge," he continued; "you asked me not only what it is that the Spirit of God in us fights against, but what it is He fights for. Whither does the high road lead? I have told you what I think the life of man is, a fetid and corrupting mass of tragic experiences; let me tell you now a little, if this pain at my side will still permit it, what life upon this earth, under the leadership of the Spirit of God our Captain, might be.

"I will take it that men are still as they are, that all this world is individually the same; I will suppose no miraculous change in human nature; but I will suppose that events in the past have run along different channels, so that there has been much more thinking, much more exchange of thought, far better teaching. I want simply this world better taught, so that wherever the flame of God can be lit it has been lit. Everyone I will suppose *educated*. By *educated*, to be explicit, I mean a knowledge and understanding of history. Yes, Mr. Farr—salvation by history. Everyone about the earth I will suppose has been taught not merely to read and write and calculate, but has been given all that can be told simply and plainly of the past history of the earth, of our place in space and time, and the true history of mankind. I will not suppose that there is any greater knowledge of things than men actually possess today, but instead of its being confusedly stored in many minds and many books and many languages, it has all been sorted out and set out plainly so that it can be easily used. It has been kept back from no one, mistold to no one. Moreover I will suppose that instead of a myriad of tongues and dialects, all men can read the same books and talk together in the same speech.

"These you may say are different suppositions, but they are not impossible suppositions. Quite a few resolute men could set mankind definitely towards such a state of affairs so that they would reach it in a dozen generations or so. But think what a difference there would be from our conditions in such a world. In a world so lit and opened by education, most of these violent dissensions that trouble mankind would be impossible. Instead of men and communities behaving like fever patients in delirium, striking at their nurses, oversetting their food and medicine and inflicting injuries on themselves and one another, they would be alive to the facts of their common origin, their common offspring—for at last in our descendants all our lives must meet again—and their common destiny. In that more open and fresher air, the fire that is God will burn more brightly, for most of us who fail to know God fail through want of knowledge. Many more men and women will be happily devoted to the common work of mankind, and the evil that is in all of us will be more plainly seen and more easily restrained. I doubt if any man is altogether evil, but in this dark world the good in men is handicapped and sacrifice is mocked. Bad example finishes what weak and aimless teaching has begun. This is a world where folly and hate can bawl sanity out of hearing. Only the determination of schoolmasters and teachers can hope to change that. How can you hope to change it by anything but teaching? Cannot you realize what teaching means? . . .

"When I ask you to suppose a world instructed and educated in the place of this old traditional world of unguided passion and greed and meanness and mean bestiality, a world taught by men instead of a world neglected by hirelings, I do not ask you to imagine any miraculous change in human nature. I ask you only to suppose that each mind has the utmost enlightenment of which it is capable instead of its being darkened and overcast. Everyone is to have the best chance of being his best self. Everyone is to be living in the light of the acutest

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self-examination and the clearest mutual criticism. Naturally we shall be living under infinitely saner and more helpful institutions. Such a state of things will not indeed mitigate natural vanity or natural self-love; it will not rob the greedy man of his greed, the fool of his folly, the eccentric of his abnormality, nor the lustful of his lust. But it will rob them of excuses and hiding places; it will light them within and cast a light round about them; it will turn their evil to the likeness of a disease of which they themselves in their clear moments will be ready to be cured and which they will hesitate to transmit. That is the world which such of us schoolmasters and teachers among us as have the undying fire of God already lit in our hearts, do now labor, generation by generation, against defeat and sometimes against hope, to bring about; that is the present work God has for us. And as we do bring it about then the prospect opens out before mankind to a splendor. . . .

"In this present world men live to be themselves; having their lives they lose them; in the world that we are seeking to make they will give themselves to the God of Mankind, and so they will live indeed. They will as a matter of course change their institutions and their methods so that all men may be used to the best effect, in the common work of mankind. They will take this little planet which has been torn into shreds of possession, and make it again one garden. . . .

"The most perplexing thing about men at the present time is their lack of understanding of the vast possibilities of power and happiness that science is offering them—"

"Then why not teach *science?*" cried Mr. Farr.

"Provided only that they will unite their efforts. They solve the problems of material science in vain until they have solved their social and political problems. When those are solved, the mechanical and technical difficulties are trivial. It is no occult secret; it is a plain and demonstrable thing today that the world could give ample food and ample leisure to every human being, if only by a world-wide teaching the spirit of unity could be made to prevail over the impulse to dissensions. And not only that, but it would then be possible to raise the common health and increase the common fund of happiness immeasurably. Look plainly at the world as it is. Most human beings when they are not dying untimely, are suffering more or less from avoidable disorders, they are ill or they are convalescent, or they are suffering from or crippled by some preventable taint in the blood, or they are stunted or weakened by a needlessly bad food supply, or spiritless and feeble through bad housing, bad clothing, dull occupations, or insecurity and anxiety. Few enjoy for very long stretches at a time that elementary happiness which is the natural accompaniment of sound health. This almost universal lowness of tone, which does not distress us only because most of us are unable to imagine anything better, means an enormous waste of human possibility; less work, less hopefulness. Isolated efforts will never raise men out of this swamp of malaise. At Woldingstanton we have had the best hygienic arrangements we could find, we have taken the utmost precautions, and yet there has scarcely been a year when our work has not been crippled and delayed by some epidemic, influenza one year, measles another, and so on. We take our precautions, but the townspeople, especially in the poorer quarters, don't and can't. I think myself the wastage of these perennial petty pestilences is far greater than that caused by the big epidemics that sometimes sweep the world. But all such things, great or petty, given a sufficient world unanimity, could be absolutely banished from human life. Given a sufficient unanimity and intelligent direction, men could hunt down all these infectious diseases, one by one, to the regions in which they are endemic, and from which they start out again and again to distress the world, and could stamp them out forever. It is not want of knowledge prevents this now but want of a properly designed education, which would give people throughout the world the understanding, the confidence, and the will needed for so collective an enterprise.

"The sufferings and mutual cruelties of animals are no doubt a part of the hard aimlessness of nature, but men are in a position to substitute aim for that aimlessness, they have already all the knowledge and all the resources needed to escape from these cul-de-sacs of wrong-doing and suffering and ugly futility into which they jostle one another. But they do not do it because they have not been sufficiently educated and are not being sufficiently educated to sane understanding and effort. The bulk of their collective strength is dissipated in miserable squabbles and suspicions, in war and the preparation for war, in law suits and bickering, in making little sterile private hoards of wealth and power, in chaffering, in stupid persecutions and oppositions and vanities. It is not only that they live in a state of general infection and ill health and bad temper, ill nourished, ill housed and morally horrible, when the light is ready to shine upon them and health and splendor are within their grasp, but that all that they could so attain would be but the prelude to still greater attainments.

"Apart from and above the sweeping away of the poverty, filthiness and misery of life that would follow on an intelligent use of such powers and such qualities as men possess now, there would be a tremendous increase in happiness due to the contentment of belonging to one common comprehensible whole, of knowing that one played a part and a worthy part in an immortal and universal task. Few people can look with content upon the tenor of their lives today; few people dare to do so. A few teachers are perhaps aware that they serve God rightly, a few scientific investigators, a few doctors and bridge-builders and makers of machinery, a few food-growers and sailors and the like. They can believe that they build something which will endure. But most men and women today are like beasts caught in a tunnel; they follow base occupations, they trade and pander and dispute; there is no peace in their hearts; they gratify their lusts and seek excitements; they know they spend their lives in vain and they have no means of escape. The world is full of querulousness and abuse, derision and spite, mean tricks and floundering effort, vice without a gleam of pleasure and vain display, because blind Nature spews these people into being and there is no light to guide their steps. Yet there is work to be done by everyone, a plain reason for that work, and happiness in the doing of it. . . .

"I do not know if any of us realize all that a systematic organization of the human intelligence upon the work of research would mean for our race. People talk of the wonders that scientific work has given us in the past two hundred years, wonders of which for the most part we are

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too disordered and foolish to avail ourselves fully. But what scientific research has produced so far must be as yet only the smallest earnest of what scientific research can presently give mankind. All the knowledge that makes today different from the world of Queen Elizabeth has been the work of a few score thousand men, mostly poorish men, working with limited material and restricted time, in a world that discouraged and misunderstood them. Many hundreds of thousands of men with gifts that would have been of the profoundest value in scientific work, have missed the education or the opportunity to use those gifts. But in a world clarified by understanding, the net of research would miss few of its born servants, there would be the swiftest, clearest communication of results from worker to worker, the readiest honor and help for every gift. Poor science, which goes about now amidst our crimes and confusions like an ill-trimmed, evil-smelling oil lantern in a dark cavern in which men fight and steal, her flickering light, snatched first by this man and then by that, as often as not a help to violence and robbery, would become like the sunrise of a bright summer morning. We do not realize what in a little while mankind could do. Our power over matter, our power over life, our power over ourselves, would increase year by year and day by day.

"Here am I, after great suffering, waiting here for an uncertain operation that may kill me. *It need not have been so.* Here are we all, sitting hot and uncomfortable in this ill-ventilated, ill-furnished room, looking out upon a vile waste. *It need not have been so.* Such is the quality of our days. I sit here wrung by pain, in the antechamber of death, because mankind has suffered me to suffer. . . . All this could have been avoided. . . . Not for ever will such things endure, not for ever will the Mocker of Mankind prevail. . . .

"And such knowledge and power and beauty as we poor watchers before the dawn can guess at, are but the beginning of all that could arise out of these shadows and this torment. Not for ever shall life be marooned upon this planet, imprisoned by the cold and incredible emptiness of space. Is it not plain to you all, from what man in spite of everything has achieved, that he is but at the beginning of achievement? That presently he will take his body and his life and mould them to his will, that he will take gladness and beauty for himself as a girl will pick a flower and twine it in her hair. You have said, Doctor Barrack, that when industrial competition ends among men all change in the race will be at an end. But you said that unthinkingly. For when a collective will grows plain, there will be no blind thrusting into life and no blind battle to keep in life, like the battle of a crowd crushed into a cul-de-sac, any more. The qualities that serve the great ends of the race will be cherished and increased; the sorts of men and women that have these qualities least will be made to understand the necessary restraints of their limitation. You said that when men ceased to compete, they would stand still. Rather is it true that when men cease their internecine war, then and then alone can the race sweep forward. The race will grow in power and beauty swiftly, in every generation it will grow, and not only the human race. All this world will man make a garden for himself, ruling not only his kind but all the lives that live, banishing the cruel from life, making the others merciful and tame beneath his hand. The flies and mosquitoes, the thorns and poisons, the fungus in the blood, and the murrain upon his beasts, he will utterly end. He will rob the atoms of their energy and the depths of space of their secrets. He will break his prison in space. He will step from star to star as now we step from stone to stone across a stream. Until he stands in the light of God's presence and looks his Mocker and the Adversary in the face. . . ."

"Oh! *Ravin's,*" Mr. Dad burst out, unable to contain himself.

"You may think my mind is fevered because my body is in pain; but never was my mind clearer than it is now. It is as if I stood already half out of this little life that has held me so long. It is not a dream I tell, but a reality. The world is for man, the stars in their courses are for man—if only he will follow the God who calls to him and take the gift He offers. As I sit here and talk of these things to you here, they become so plain to me that I cannot understand your silence and why you do not burn—as I burn—with the fire of God's purpose. . . ."

He stopped short. He seemed to have come to the end of his strength. His chin sank, and his voice when he spoke again was the voice of a weak and weary man.

"I talk. . . . I talk. . . . And then a desolating sense of reality blows like a destroying gust through my mind, and my little lamp of hope goes out. . . .

"It is as if some great adversary sat over all my world, mocking me in every phrase I use and every act I do. . . ."

He sighed deeply.

"Have I answered your questions, doctor?" he asked.

§ 6

"You speak of God," said Dr. Barrack. "But this that you speak of as God, is it really what men understand by God? It seems to me, as I said to begin with, it is just a personification of the good will in us all. Why bring in God? God is a word that has become associated with all sorts of black and cruel things. It sets one thinking of priesthoods, orthodoxies, persecutions. Why do you not call this upward and onward power Humanity? Why do you not call it the Spirit of Men? Then it might be possible for an Agnostic like myself to feel a sort of agreement. . . ."

"Because I have already shown you it is not humanity, it is not the spirit of men. Humanity, the spirit of men, made poison gas and the submarine; the spirit of man is jealous, aggressive and partisan. Humanity has greed and competition in grain, and the spirit of man is fear and hatred, secrecy and conspiracy, quite as much as, much more than, it is making or order. But this spirit in me, this fire which I call God, was lit, I know not how, but as if it came from outside. . . .

"I use the phrases," said Mr. Huss, "that come ready to the mind. But I will meet you so far as to say that I know that I am metaphorical and inexact. . . . This spirit that comes into life—it is more like a person than a thing and so I call it He. And He is not a feature, not an aspect of things, but a selection among things. . . . He seizes upon and brings out and confirms all that is generous in the natural impulses of the mind. He condemns cruelty and all evil. . . .

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"I will not pretend to explain what I cannot explain. It may be that God is as yet only foreshadowed in life. You may reason, Doctor Barrack, that this fire in the heart that I call God, is as much the outcome of your Process as all the other things in life. I cannot argue against that. What I am telling you now is not what I believe so much as what I feel. To me it seems that the creative desire that burns in me is a thing different in its nature from the blind Process of matter, is a force running contrariwise to the power of confusion. . . . But this I do know, that once it is lit in a man it is like a consuming fire. Once it is lit in a man, then his mind is alight—thenceforth. It rules his conscience with compelling power. It summons him to live the residue of his days working and fighting for the unity and release and triumph of mankind. He may be mean still, and cowardly and vile still, but he will know himself for what he is. . . . Some ancient phrases live marvellously. Within my heart *I know that my Redeemer liveth*. . . ."

He stopped abruptly.

Dr. Barrack was unprepared with a reply. But he shook his head obstinately. These time-worn phrases were hateful to his soul. They smacked to him of hypocrisy, of a bidding for favor with obsolete and discredited influences. Through such leaks it is superstition comes soaking back into the laboriously bailed-out minds of men. Yet Mr. Huss was a difficult controversialist to grapple. "No," said the doctor provisionally. "*No*. . . ."

§ 7

Fate came to the relief of Dr. Barrack.

The little conference at Sea View was pervaded by the sense of a new personality. This was a short and angry and heated little man, with active dark brown eyes in a tan face, a tooth-brush moustache of iron-gray, and a protruded lower jaw. He was dressed in a bright bluish-gray suit and bright brown boots, and he carried a bright brown leather bag.

He appeared outside the window mouthing, but outside the range of distinct hearing. His expression was blasphemous. He made threatening movements with his bag.

"Good God!" cried Dr. Barrack. "Sir Alpheus! . . . I had no idea of the time!"

He rushed out of the room and there was a scuffle in the passage.

"I ought to have been met," said Sir Alpheus, entering. "I ought to have been met. It's ridiculous to pretend you didn't know the time. A general practitioner *always* knows the time. It is his first duty. I cannot understand the incivility of this reception. I have had to make my way to your surgery, Dr. Barrack, without assistance; not a cab free at the station; I have had to come down this road in the heat, carrying everything myself, reading all the names on the gates—the most ridiculous and banal names. The Taj, Thyme Bank, The Cedars, and Capernaum, cheek by jowl! It's worse than Freud."

Dr. Barrack expressed further regrets confusedly and indistinctly.

"We have been talking, Sir Alpheus," said Sir Eliphaz, advancing as if to protect the doctor from his specialist, "upon some very absorbing topics. That must be our excuse for this neglect. We have been discussing education—and the universe. Fate, free-will, predestination absolute—"

The great surgeon regarded the patentee of Temanite.

"Fate—fiddlesticks!" said Sir Alpheus suddenly and rudely. "That's no excuse for not meeting me." His bright little eyes darted round the company and recognized Mr. Huss. "What! my patient not in bed! Not even in bed! Go to *bed*, sir! Go to *bed*."

He became extremely abusive to Dr. Barrack. "You treat an operation, Sir, with a levity—!"

H. G. WELLS.

What About Asia?

THE events in Europe are developing so fast and are of such world-wide significance that we can not blame the publicists of this country for not paying sufficient attention to the developments in Asia and Africa. Yet from a world point of view, which is the pure American point of view also, the latter are as important as the former, at least to a proper understanding of the world situation. The affairs of Europe can not be satisfactorily settled so as to insure any durable peace unless the affairs of Asia and Africa are also adjusted in such a way as to satisfy the natural aspiration of the peoples of these continents for progressive development on democratic lines.

Asia is as disturbed as Europe, if not more so. We do not hear much about it because our sources of information are not adequately developed, and because the governments are maintaining a rigid censorship both on news and views. Yet sufficient leaks out to furnish at least a glimpse of what is transpiring in that continent.

Starting from the far east, we find that Korea is in revolt. Riots and disturbances have taken place on a nation-wide scale. The Japanese government has been charged with "cruelty and brutality" in putting down the violence. Schools are said to have been closed, papers suppressed and people shot. The Koreans have issued a proclamation of independence very much on the lines of Ireland. The relations between China and Japan show no improvement.

The Philippines have put in their claim for independence, and the Persians for freedom from molestation in their internal affairs, and for indemnity for losses suffered during the war. Persia claims slices of Trans-Caspia and the Southern Caucasus to defend herself from the incursion of the Bolsheviki. She also claims the guardianship of the Shial holy cities in Mesopotamia. The British have declared these claims to be "inadmissible and superfluous."

The tale of death, disease and distress that comes from India is heart-rending. India lost *six million people* from influenza alone in the last three months of 1918 (two per cent of her total population). Add to it deaths from plague and cholera and the sufferings from an acute famine. The prices of foods have risen to a height never reached before in any previous famine. In addition the news comes that the country has been thrown into a whirlpool of excitement and disturbance over the two coercive bills which the government has thought fit to introduce in the Legislative Councils of India. In the words of Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, "Indian opinion, the Indian press, the Indians on the Legislative Council are all up in arms against the bills. There

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is no division in Indian opinion and no observable grades in the heat with which it is being expressed." Old and young, conservative and liberal, moderates and extremists are united in opposing the bills. A number of men and women have issued a manifesto pledging themselves to passive resistance and disobedience of the laws, if the bills are passed. From Bombay comes the report (April 7th) that extensive riots have taken place in Delhi, the capital of India. It appears that the military had to be called out to put down these riots and that heavy casualties occurred. It is probable that the riots were in the nature of a protest against the passage of the bills. The government of India, having a standing majority of British officials in the Legislative Council to do its bidding, has so far shown no inclination to yield. "The seriousness of the situation," remarks Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, "can not be doubted by any one who knows India—especially India since the war."

The Indian budget statement announces an expenditure of £41,000,000 on the military, out of a total imperial expenditure of £85,357,000 for the next year.

Travelling northward and westward, we find the whole Moslem world disturbed over the fate of the Turkish Empire and the political future of Islam. The assassination of the Amir of Afghanistan, an Ally of the British Government of India, soon after he had announced the plan of a Central Asian Confederacy of Moslem principalities in that region is susceptible of several interpretations. So far, the British press has not been able to solve the mystery. Anyway its significance can not be overrated, considering that seventy millions of Indian Moslems are passing strongly worded resolutions of protest against the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire.

The extensive and very serious Nationalist rising in Egypt which is attributed to an alliance of Egyptian Nationalists with the Bedouins of Arabia is another indication of the gravity of the situation in the Orient. It can not be dismissed as the work of a few crazy unbalanced "patriots." The ruling classes of Egypt at the top and the fellaheen at the bottom seem to be as much involved in it as the middle-class Nationalists.

We must consider also the rumors that are heard from time to time of the attempt of the Bolsheviki to carry on their propaganda in Central Asia, in Persia, in China, and in India. Labor in India has in the last three months shown wonderful signs of awakening, signs undreamt of by anybody six months before. One hundred and twenty thousand mill-hands struck in one city alone and maintained their strike for over three weeks. There have been strikes in other places also before and since.

What is the Peace Conference going to do about this matter? This is the question which every one interested in the future peace of the world might legitimately ask. England and Japan have ample power to put down these riots and revolts by force, but a forcible suppression of them will hardly conduce to a peacable settlement of the aspirations which are evidenced by these disturbances. The best interests of humanity require that nothing be done to add to the bitterness which already exists between the east and the west. A faithful observance of the principles which inspired the Allies in the war will enable the Orient to get over the existing bitterness, and persuade it readily to accept the temporary guidance of the west in evolving its own forms of government and civilization suitable to its people and ideals. On the other hand, a ruthless exhibition of military force and racial swagger will unite all the religions, races, and nations of the east in a joint grudge against the west, leading eventually to war, however distant, between the continents, the like of which was never seen before. A feeling of unity against the west is developing in the Orient. It lies with the west to smother this and kill it before it becomes irresistible. A policy of justice and fair play will neutralize it for the present and eventually destroy it. A policy of exploitation, militarism and swagger will convert it into a flame the ferocity of which no human mind can anticipate with equanimity.

LAJPAT RAI.

CORRESPONDENCE

Proportional Representation

SIR: The war has deepened the cleavage between different classes and opinions. It has multiplied misunderstandings and drawn attention to inequalities. It has developed prejudices and intensified animosities. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance, if we are to get along together peaceably and make progress by consent instead of by violence, that changes be effected in our political mechanism that will raise the prestige of representative government by making our representative bodies—so called—representative in truth—the ablest and most trusted leaders of all elements in their right proportions.

A flood of light was recently thrown on this matter by the outcome of two elections in the United Kingdom. The first was the general election for Parliament in December; the second, the municipal election in Sligo, Ireland, in January.

In the parliamentary election the Labor party polled in contested seats in Great Britain 2,292,102 votes. This number of votes entitled the party to about 120 seats in Great Britain in the contested constituencies. But the party obtained only 59 seats. "The result," to quote from a letter to the London Times by Lord Selborne, "is that the Labor party know that they are not fairly represented in the House of Commons, and many of their leaders, whose presence they consider essential to the proper consideration of their business, have failed to obtain seats in the House of Commons. The consequence is that they look less and less to the House of Commons as the place where the questions which interest them can be properly considered and dealt with, and that there is an ever-increasing tendency to deal with these questions outside of Parliament. As the questions at issue are no longer only concerned with wages and conditions of employment, but are strictly political questions, such as whether an industry should be nationalized, and whether it is possible in a civilized country for two governments to exist side by side, the one representing the whole community, and the other a section of the community, this fact is fraught with danger."

The system of election which produced this result in Great Britain was, of course, the same that is commonly used for the election of legislatures and the national House of Representatives in this country, that is, election by single-member districts. The very different outcome of the mu-

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nicipal election in Sligo, which was carried out under the Hare system of proportional representation, is therefore very significant for us as well as for Great Britain.

In Sligo each of the four municipal parties that took part secured just its fair share, according to the votes cast by electors who adhered to party lines, of the seats in the council. Moreover, any elector who chose to cross party lines was free to do so without thereby running the risk of "throwing away his vote." Every voter had the opportunity of casting a vote that expressed his real will with the assurance that it would share equally with every other ballot in the election of the body that was to levy and spend the taxes of all.

But the mathematical justice of the Sligo election is not the most significant feature of the results. The most significant feature, which when considered in connection with the result of the British general elections reveals the prime secret of orderly progress under democracy, is that the several parties in Sligo all *accepted the results as just*. To anyone who knows the intensity of political feelings in Ireland at present the outcome of the Sligo election is little short of miraculous. Contrast it, for example, with the news, which I find in my newspaper this morning, that the Sinn Feiners of Tipperary issued some weeks ago a proclamation declaring that "after a given date any policeman, magistrate, or juror in the pay of the British government found in that district would be deemed to have forfeited his life."

Recent reports from Ashtabula, Ohio, and Kalamazoo, Michigan, the largest American cities that use the Hare system of election, indicate that its effects in this country are the same as those in Ireland, though political opinions are here less strong. A recent inquiry in Ashtabula revealed the fact that the leading citizens who opposed the introduction of the Hare system there in 1915 are now glad to come out publicly in its favor. The list includes the head of the largest manufacturing establishment, a former president of the Chamber of Commerce who was also president of the War Council and of several corporations, a second former president of the Chamber of Commerce, and a superintendent of schools who is also a member of the legislature.

Is it not high time that we in America should set our representative system in order so that our councils and our legislatures, made up from the strongest and most trusted spokesmen of all elements in their right proportions, may perhaps lead us forward by easy steps and by common consent instead of by violent reboundings between crude radicalism and Bourbon reaction?

C. G. Hoag.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Plotting for Privilege

SIR: Under the guise of patriotism, a raid is being conducted upon the civil service in New York State which, if it is not checked, bids fair to demoralize the merit system. The Martin-Baumes Veteran Preference bill, which has just passed the Assembly and is now before the Senate Judiciary Committee for consideration, proposes to amend the state constitution by granting a mandatory preference in appointment and promotion in the civil service of the state and its sub-divisions, including cities and villages, "to all honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines who have served as such in the army, navy or marine corps of the United States in time of war."

On its face this proposition would seem to favor the young veterans of the world war, and therefore would be in full accord with the present trend of popular feeling which voices itself in the sentiment, "Nothing is too good for the boys." The legislators have evidently so interpreted it, for there has been a great unwillingness on their part to risk unpopularity by opposing the bill.

As a matter of fact, however, the measure contains one of those subtle jokers for which the politically astute have learned to be on the lookout. While ostensibly favoring them, in reality it discriminates against the men who served in the present war by giving priority in preference to Spanish war veterans. In other words the proposed amendment is actually the result of a selfish effort on the part of the Spanish war veterans to secure for themselves an advantage which has repeatedly been refused them, under the pretense of rewarding the men who helped to win the great war, an effort which is now being carried forward on the compelling wave of enthusiasm for the returning soldiers.

This ulterior purpose is emphasized by the careful way in which the New York Spanish war veterans who are back of the bill have still further safe-guarded themselves against competition, by a provision in the preference clause, limiting it exclusively to such Spanish war veterans as were residents of the state of New York at the time of enlistment. No such residential preference is extended to other veterans, and in fact the world war veterans are not even mentioned in the resolution, and any benefit they obtain comes by inference only, and not then until the Spanish war veterans have obtained the inside track for all possible advancement.

Entirely apart from these considerations, the principle of veteran preference is of course unsound. It does violence to every theory upon which the merit system is based. It would appoint and promote from the foot instead of the head of eligible lists. It would create a permanent privileged class within the public service, who would be practically irremovable and who would monopolize for themselves all advancement within the service, since the preference granted includes not merely original appointments but priority in all promotion examinations as well.

It would destroy all incentive for the rank and file of civil service employees, who could never hope for advancement until the claims of all veterans had been satisfied. Finally it would practically close the door of the public service to women, since any crumbs that were left by the preferred groups would naturally be seized by their male competitors. The mandatory character of the preference would also serve as an effectual barrier against the use of the double list in behalf of the women, even if they were inclined to invoke the aid of a system which they have always opposed in theory and always fought in actual practice.

The present hope of defeating the bill seems to depend upon making the world war veterans understand the true nature of the gold brick that is being presented to them by our generous legislators. They might also take thought of the fact that the man who secured a soft berth for himself in some clerical army job that never took him beyond Jersey City, and the man who was drafted the day before the armistice was signed, and the youth who was in the Students' Army Training Corps and did not even see a camp, would profit equally under this scheme with the men who fought at Château-Thierry and in the Argonne.

Anna Martin Crocker.

New York City.

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To the Editors

SIR: I feel impelled, in gratitude, to tender to you a short but sincere appreciation. After all, there is no sound reason why people should accept such good work in silence. A British subject, I subscribe to the New Republic, and derive from it light, hope and consolation. Here I find a band of cultured, public-spirited men united in effort to bring out of the welter of the war the promise of a better world; eagerly devoting their energies and the fruits of high thinking to the interests not of America only but of humanity. Where else can one find such writers in combination? At this crisis of the world's fate, it is fortunate that the nation of the greatest resources should have such a leader as the President of the United States; and the President is fortunate in having such doughty allies in his great enterprise. As some of us expected, there has been developed, after the armistice, opposition to the President's policy of a victory of justice and a league of free nations. The chauvinists who were glad enough to accept America's assistance when success was doubtful are showing now an unwillingness to pay the price without which victory would not have been attained, so soon or so completely. I refer not merely to the assistance of America's immense resources in munitions, money, and men, but to the President's masterly "peace offensives," which broke up the cohesion of the Central Powers and of the German people. The Germans are beaten by superior forces; but the morale of the Allied cause, as expounded by the President, was the greatest force of all.

The war would have been fought to the bitter end, and countless more lives sacrificed, but for the spread of faith in the President's justice. It was to your President that the Germans addressed their surrender. As you admit, the problem of an effective league of nations is extremely difficult; but, as you say also, "the absolutely indispensable condition of success of a new international order is faith in its possibility." Men habituated to the old ruts and dogmas see the difficulties and regard them as insuperable; and they call the President "academic," a "theorist," and an "idealist." But your President is much more than a professor. He has faced all the difficulties suggested, and more; and he has satisfied himself that he sees the solution of the great problem. It may be true of this undertaking also that:

> The ample proposition that hope makes
> In all designs begun on earth below
> Fails in the promised largeness.

But we must not fall back on the old and discredited "balance of power," on the national struggles for preponderance of power, for security, for "scientific frontiers," on the feverish piling up of armaments, on the shifting alignments of nations based on secret diplomacy. We must have something better; or we shall prove recreant to our lads who have helped us to the victory which they were not to see, and for which they sacrificed their all. I have a right to speak on this matter, as I have lost my only child in the great struggle for a free world.

May I add also this—and it is no light matter—that I, with many others, appreciate the magnanimity with which you recognize the merits of honest opponents, and even admit when you make a mistake? You ennoble journalism by rejecting its practices.

X.

Melbourne, Australia.

Dalmatia

SIR: It is easy to sit back in dispassionate aloofness, cooled by the whole intervening Atlantic, and call the Italians "'Hunnish Imperialists' who have forgotten what the war was fought for—if they ever really knew." The right thing to do is so simple, so black and white (from the point of view of the calm and distant onlooker!).

The common impression seems to be that Italy "is making a grab for the coast cities of Dalmatia." What is no less true—but seldom emphasized—is that the coast cities of Dalmatia are "making a grab for Italy." Let us bear in mind that the works of art in Dalmatian cities, cathedrals, public squares, palaces, bear witness to the genius of Italy, not of Jugo-Slavia. On the occasion of President Wilson's visit to Rome, representatives from Fiume and Spalato, the principal cities of Dalmatia, came to Rome. They addressed themselves to the Roman people in words such as these: "We have come to you, sons of that Rome which is eternal mistress of justice and truth, bearing with us the very soul of our Fiume. It is Fiume herself who speaks from my mouth—Fiume whom a single longing consumes, the longing for Italy! We tremble at the thought that others can decide our Fate when we are *Italians* and claim the right to dispose of ourselves. . . ."

From a Spalatan deputy—"For thirty years, alone, unaided, almost forgotten, we have struggled to preserve for Italy her Spalato, Italian. How often we had to repress our feelings . . . to preserve for Italy her sacred relics? And can Italy have the heart to spurn these relics today? Gentlemen, Spalato was never a Croatian city. If our very extermination could add to the glory of Italy, we would resign ourselves and say, 'Blessed be Italy!' But how can we today make thinkable the question, 'Must Italian Spalato become a Croatian city as a consequence of Italian victory?' No!—the Pact of London must be strengthened by the pact of love that binds us to our own country throughout these many years, a pact that we solemnly consecrate, those of us who are here in Rome tonight. We belong to Italy through and through. Viva l'Italia!"

Innumerable were the speeches in this vein, and fancy how well calculated to stir the Italians whose hot blood and response to patriotic sentiment are older than the present war. I wonder how cold we ourselves could remain to American appeals, were the situation reversed?

The pathos of the situation lies in the fact that Jugo-Slavia is in desperate need of these same coast cities, especially Fiume, as an outlet to the Adriatic. A nation must be allowed to breathe or we know the consequences. Jugo-Slavia is a nation new born, a child of liberty to whose encouragement and aid all our traditions summon us. In order that the new order may be established, and Jugo-Slavia live, Italian communities must consent *not* to live. The heritage of Italian art must be diverted to the children of others. The gain is worth the cost, but there is the heavy price to pay. It is not for us who do not pay, to judge harshly and superciliously those who do. There is no ethics (unless it be Teutonic) that instructs us to patronize and insult those of whom we demand tragic sacrifices.

We might well recall here the old fable of the Wager of the Sun and the Wind.

RACHEL PERRY.

Washington, D. C.

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Racial Equality

SIR: Assuming (falsely, I believe, but that doesn't matter) that oriental exclusion has always been with us a purely economic question, you advise those prosperous Japanese who object to exclusion to "bring their labor laws up to western standards, grant to labor the legal right to form unions and conduct peaceable strikes, and raise wages to a level comparing favorably with ours." The economic motive seems, at any rate, so potent that we may soon be using such language to all lands whose laborers earn less real wages than ours.

Now, there are many countries where the population is so large and the resources so small that workmen, even with the most favorable legal rights, could not hope to have wages comparing favorably with ours. Then, just because they have strong economic reasons for emigrating, you are willing to prevent them from doing so.

We are well acquainted with the statistics that tell how few Americans control how large a part of American wealth. We are used to being aroused to just indignation at this inequality; we have had it impressed on us that those who are privileged to own wealth have often got it, not by service to the community, but by clever speculation or by inheritance. We should remind ourselves that we, the people now living in America, possess a disproportionate share of the earth's resources, and that we possess them, not wholly in return for services rendered to mankind, but also largely by inheritance and by clever speculation. Many groups of people are seeking to end hereditary privilege in the United States, and are supported by those who hope to gain by the change; are those same groups willing to end the hereditary privileges of all Americans, even though their supporters might lose by the change? It is quite possible that, within the nation, the poor may in future use means not sanctioned by our own laws, violent means if need be, to force a redistribution of wealth; it is also possible that the poorer peoples of the world may use means not sanctioned by international laws, violent means, to force a redistribution of land, to end the exclusion of immigrants.

We ought to have generous aims, not in order to avoid war, but to do right; and this duty is particularly the duty of all who denounce privilege at home. It may be that, just now, an influx of foreign laborers would give our own wealthy classes an even more unjust share of the world's goods; it may be that complete national control of wages and distribution is necessary to avoid this result; it may be that the whole organized world must work together to prevent the exploitation of migrants. Let our labor organizations, our socialists, our liberals plan such safeguards, and postpone (it may be) the freedom of migration until it can be enforced; but let them proclaim now their ultimate aim of freeing all the world from inequalities not based on service rendered, let them prepare now to destroy all bars to the free passage of goods, men and thoughts.

EDWARD S. ALLEN.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Rebuilding a Civilization

SIR: The Zionists are evidently intrigued by the illusion that, given the same physical and to an extent spiritual conditions that produce an ancient culture, the same type of culture will again flower. One of the best known of the American Zionists speaks thus: "The Jewish nation . . . will again be able, in a Jewish environment, through its now latent creative forces to renew its development, and, as in the days of the prophets, to give to the world further ideals of justice, of unity, of peace."

This, of course, is a fallacy. One cannot reproduce the genius of an ancient culture. One cannot recreate a Euripides and a Sophocles by means of climate and the guarantee of ancestral environment and ethnic purity. Nor an Isaiah and an Ezekiel . . .

If Zionism were to be a solution of the physical problem of the Jews—if it were to end massacres and the herding together in ghettos—any concession of "view-point" on the part of the "modern" group were of course negligible. But the Zionists frankly state that they cannot hope to offer refuge to more than a small number of their people. And some of us are fearful that the movement may augment rather than obliterate these dark tortures, in suggesting to the bigoted who wish to be rid of their Jews a purpose in harrying. The Zionists of course feel otherwise—that national prestige will ensure protection. Heaven grant they may be right! It is difficult to see on what data they base their hopefulness.

Yet the "problem" of the Jew can scarcely remain static. We are informed gravely that its essential difficulties have endured by years that can be numbered in hundreds—therefore the corollary of many generations into the future. Time has a way, however, these days of going in leaps and bounds. Europe is reshaping before our very eyes. One becomes sceptical of chronological phrases . . . .

Don't these gentlemen who are so eloquent for a recreation of past glories misunderstand both the prophets and the modern social phenomena? The Jewish religious tradition, even through Christ, has not been always in the line of making things happy for the possessing classes. The old fiery zeal is perhaps pouring itself into new—though not always comfortable—manifestations.

Yet, for whatever worth they have, they are modern manifestations. The modern world has an authentic meaning. The modern world of Woodrow Wilson has for us a meaning of an importance not to be compared with the meaning of the days of Zedekiah. In fact, I don't give a hang for the meaning of the days of Zedekiah, if it's diverting my attention from, and blurring the issues of, the tremendous meaning of the days after the big war—the days that are now before us.

The Zionists are with heat accusing the anti-Zionists of a lack of idealism. But to lack faith in the necessity of a grapple, racking though it may be, with this modern world, is a lack of a living idealism. To seek for the meaning of life in a revival of an ancient culture is an evasion of the complex meaning of modern living. It's a side-stepping of the issue—legitimate enough perhaps for the old, for those seeking a refuge—not nearly good enough for the soul of the young, facing a future.

To this group in America the Zionists have issued a definite challenge. "Organize," says Mr. Justice Brandeis, "until every Jew in America must stand up and be counted—counted with us—or prove himself, wittingly or unwittingly, of the few who are against their own people." Thus shall the apostates arrogantly be weeded out. . . . It is an interesting declaration. It has its value for certain of us in making conscious those indefinite formulations toward the meaning of Americanism—the gropings toward the utterances of a faith.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK.

Chicago, Illinois.

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Portugal

Portugal Old and Young, an Historical Study, by George Young. New York: Oxford University Press.

POPULAR ignorance as to very elementary facts often takes queer turns. How many times, O gentle reader, have you heard enlightened publicists and educators speak of the necessity of studying Spanish in order to enable us to come into better commercial relations with South America? Yet by far the most important country of South America, Brazil, which occupies one half of the continent and includes nearly one half of its population, is Portuguese rather than Spanish. The average American newspaper reader, even if he knows that Portugal was in the war against Germany, thinks of it in the same category with San Marino, Liberia and other of our somewhat miscroscopic allies. Yet not only was Portugal once one of the great world powers, dividing the empire of the sea with Spain, but even now one has only to glance at a map of the Atlantic Ocean and note the strategic position of the Azores and Madeira Islands, as well as of the coast line of Portugal and that of its daughter colony, Brazil, to realize the tremendous importance of Portugal's entry into the war. If Portugal had but maintained a neutrality as benevolent to Germany as that of Spain, the strain on the Allied naval resources would have been distressingly increased.

The actual body of troops that Portugal contributed to the cause of the Allies was not in itself important, and no great glory was earned by Portuguese arms in France. But the facetious or uncomplimentary tone that is employed in referring to Portuguese troops is not unlike the unofficial tone often employed in referring to the Belgian soldiers. It is in the nature of things militaristic to patronize everything except big battalions.

But it is not solely on account of the war nor on account of its glorious past when it opened up Africa, South America and the Far East to the European world that the history of Portugal deserves to be better known. It is as a study of national psychology, of the growth, decay and reawakening of national spirit under diverse conditions that the modern history of Portugal offers points of unusual interest. Tragically cut off from European sympathy by the isolation of its language it has yet had to throw itself into all the great European wars in order to maintain its independence; and by a peculiar turn of misfortune these war epochs have always come at critical points in its own internal development. The meaning of the Crusades and the Inquisition, of the modern oversea trade, of the radicalism and militarism of the French Revolution and of the German commercial expansion, appear in new and significant light when we study their incidence on the life of Portugal.

Mr. George Young, the author of this fascinating book, has had a long and varied career in the British diplomatic service and is the author of a most informing book on the Balkans. Withal, however, he has that elemental penetrating human sympathy which enables one to see concrete men and women behind all the wars and treaties, crusades, dynastic changes and commercial routes which form the staple of history. Remarkably free in his thought and in his language, his comments are both wise and piquant, as when he compares the monks of the civil service with the older clerical monks, or when he speaks of the governing group of corrupt courtiers, clerics and courtesans that for convenience we call Louis XIV.

His comments on the way the Holy Alliance interfered in the internal affairs of Portugal are worthy of being taken to heart by well intentioned people who favor intervention in the affairs of peoples governed in any manner different from our own. In these days, when we hear so much about the need for strong government, it is well to be reminded that "the strength of a government lies in its passive acceptance by the public and not in its own active self-assertion." It may be rather unpleasant to those who have undiluted hope in the ability of a League of Nations to order the internal affairs of nations to note that the Holy Alliance was just a League of Peace to put down revolutionary disturbances.

It revives one's faith in the human sense of fairness to read this British official's comment on the way England has treated Portugal in the past. Particularly illuminating are his comments on the attitude of the British Tories, like the Duke of Wellington, to the atrociously reactionary Miguel. "Like most governments that are the result of a long war, the British government of that day could trust neither its own people nor any other."

Old-fashioned, perhaps, but still timely are his remarks on the way nations are able to survive attacks by imperialistic neighbors, but unable to survive the corruption worked by their own imperialism.

Mr. Young's familiarity with Portuguese literature enables him to illustrate with apt quotation from the national writers of Portugal and to bring out clearly the struggle between the new and the old in Portugal. The book as a whole, however, suffers from being somewhat too dramatic in the personification of "the national spirit," a term which is both a convenience and a danger. It is easy and proper enough to speak of national corruption or the revival of the nation's spirit, but these are apt to be mere phrases unless we have clear ideas as to the material conditions under which men and women spend their daily lives and under which national changes take place. One does not need to be a blind devotee of the economic interpretation of history to realize that the fact that the Portuguese soil is not sufficient to feed the people is an important condition of its history. The under-nourishment of a body subjects it to all sorts of diseases. It is the poverty and consequent ignorance of the multitude which support lazy aristocracies and monarchical and clerical extravagance.

The world owes a great deal to Portugal besides gratitude for its ancient service in improving the art of navigation and thus breaking through the boundaries of the ancient world. Only recently at a time when the European world had settled down to regard revolutions as things of the past and monarchies as part of the established order, displeasing only to cranks and half-baked radicals, Portugal startled the world out of its dogmatic slumbers by forcibly overthrowing an old dynasty, and thus showing that republican tradition in Europe was not as dead as political theorists had complacently pronounced it.

In this testing of men's faith in popular rule it showed the American and English press in a rather unfavorable light for which it has not been freely forgiven. With hardly a single exception enlightened newspapers like the New York Evening Post supported King Carlos when he dissolved Parliament and attempted to govern by means of an unscrupulous dictator, Franco. The United States was, I believe, the last government to recognize the Portuguese republic. Later on when a monarchical clique temporarily recovered power the British press expressed its delight though it turned out to be a sordid pro-German conspiracy. Against more of such tragic misunderstandings this excellent history of Mr. Young's ought to prove a powerful preventive.

M. R. C.

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Ireland, 1916-1918

The Irish Convention and Sinn Fein, by Warre B. Wells and N. Marlowe. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S Irish policy fell to ruin in April, 1918. Before the Irish Convention had reported, it was still possible for Mr. George to maintain his appearance of good faith. He had early committed himself to Wilsonian self-determination, and in July, 1917, he had guaranteed to act on the Irish Convention report, in case of substantial agreement. But at the same time he had given a guarantee to Sir Edward Carson which not only was incompatible with his own free action on the Irish Convention report but practically prevented substantial agreement in the body itself. This was soon very clear to two of the ablest members of the Irish Convention—Mr. E. E. Lysaght and Mr. George W. Russell (A. E.), and they both resigned. The Convention as a whole faithfully reported in April, 1918; a substantial majority of moderate Nationalists and Unionists and Labor delegates having come to an agreement. The report reached Westminster at the height of the military crisis in France. Before Mr. George considered or even inspected it he pledged himself to the Coalition Unionists to enforce Irish conscription, regardless of self-government. Within a week he forsook this pledge. Under pressure from the British left he asserted that conscription and self-government were interdependent and must go together. As a result of these basic contradictions, inherent in his attitude toward the problem, Mr. George's programme went completely to pieces. Neither in England nor in Ireland was there a public opinion which could hold itself upright on such a foundation as his political morals provided. Then, despite the needs of England, Ireland, the United States, the Allies, Mr. George gave up the pretense of having an Irish political programme. He flung Ireland to Sinn Fein and martial law.

At the present moment, as a result of this quittance on the part of English statesmanship, there are in Ireland somewhere between 100,000 and 200,000 British troops. Lord Wimborne says 100,000. Mr. George Lansbury says 200,000. As the militant manhood available for conscription in 1917 was only 150,000, it is obvious that the political discipline of Ireland is now planned according to military deals. If the Irish really want a republic, they may expect to be answered with steel and shrapnel. Manslaughter on a sickening scale will result from the first serious self-assertion of the Republicans—manslaughter behind an effective screen of censorship. With such an outcome not improbable, the drama of Irish republicanism is at least worth studying, specially as the main facts are not in dispute.

The important information to be gleaned from the present conservative history is, first of all, the sentiment in Ireland against "partition." Not all Irishmen are agreed on separation from England. The cake of custom, if nothing else, is hard to break, and while there are probably more Irishmen to agree on a republic in 1919 than there were Americans to agree on a republic in 1774, the vast Sinn Fein majority is still a cooperation of diverse and divisible elements. Practically none of these elements, however, regards an Irish republic as "secession." The English recognition of the Czecho-Slovaks has rather glorified the principle of "secession," and only a few moss-grown Englishmen cling to the rhetoric of Primrose Day imperialism. But the sentiment against the segregation or quarantine of any part of Ulster is conclusive. No one wants the "partition" of Ireland. Its nominal advocates, the Ulster Unionist Council, rejected Mr. Redmond's definite proposal of it—a dangerous though authorized proposal. Men like Sir Horace Plunkett are dead against it. Most of the Southern Unionists are openly against it. Protestant Bishops joined with Catholic Bishops in a remarkable proclamation against it in 1917. Part of Ulster labor is outspokenly against it. The sentiment in its favor has always been secondary—sometimes demanding six, sometimes nine counties, never offering a serious programme of exclusion. "Partition" is essentially obstruction. It is a genuine instance of secessionist politics. Its animus is not an animus in favor of self-determination for Ulster but an animus against self-determination for Ireland.

The attitude of Orange Ulster in the Convention is perhaps the next most illuminating detail in this capable non-partisan history of the Convention year. It is particularly illuminating to note that the obduracy of Belfast caused a division between Northern and Southern Unionists, and earned the sharp disapproval of so moderate an Anglo-Irishman as Sir Horace Plunkett. The reason is evident. The Ulstermen formed the only group in the Convention that made no attempt to meet anyone half-way. It was the only group not self-determined in its decisions. It took its orders from the party caucus in Ulster, which in turn seemed to depend on the Unionists in England, who had their stand-pat supporters in the cabinet. "Uniform courtesy and good feeling" was characteristic of the Convention, according to these Ulstermen; but free will was lacking. And yet these Ulstermen interposed in every debate and offered an opinion at every turn of the settlement which they were definitely pledged to reject.

Sinn Fein was more candid. Standing for absolute independence it refused to accept any Convention appointed by England, with English partiality exhibited in the appointment. And this volume shows that from the start Sinn Fein foresaw and saw through the twists and turns of Lloyd George. At no time was the Irish Convention invested with the dignity or the solemnity of Irish popular consent. What occupied Ireland from the Rebellion till the end of hostilities was never the makeshift Convention but, first, the imminence of conscription; second, the ineffectuality of John Redmond; third, "the heavy hand of Sir John Maxwell" and martial law; fourth, the arrests-on-suspicion and the idiotic and unfounded governmental rumors about a German plot. "We have in Ireland no pro-Germans," said Sir Horace Plunkett, "except those they [Englishmen] have made, not of *malice prepense* but through incapacity to understand us." That was so, and Ireland knew it. But it also believed that Lloyd George was singularly deft and untrustworthy. And the death of Thomas Ashe, a political prisoner treated as a criminal, did not help the English cause. "We find that the deceased, Thomas Ashe, according to the medical evidence of Professor McWeeney, Sir Arthur Chance, and Sir Thomas Myles, died from heart failure and congestion of the lungs on September 25th, and that his death was caused by the punishment of taking away from his cell his bed, bedding, and boots, and being left to lie on the cold floor for fifty hours, and then being subjected to forcible feeding in his weak condition, after a hunger strike of five or six days." The jury, "by no means Sinn Fein in its composition," censured the Castle authorities, the unskillful doctor, the Deputy-Governor. They stigmatized the brutal punishments against which Ashe had gone on strike as "unfeeling and barbarous." This outspoken verdict was not calculated to promote Lloyd George's cause of conscription in the name of "the rights of small nations."

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But such incidents as the death of Thomas Ashe were only provocative. Sinn Fein disowned Lloyd George for reasons quite as deep-reaching and as vital as the reasons that led the thirteen colonies to revolution. Mr. Lysaght showed the germinal national spirit that was working in Ireland when he wrote his letter of resignation. He rehearsed the needs of Ireland, the safeguards offered to Ulster, the weaknesses of "an unrepresentative convention," and he concluded, "Is Ireland alone to be dominated by [a] minority, which, it must be remembered, has been offered in Ireland concessions and safeguards unprecedented in any democratic country in the world? There is even greater danger, in my judgment, of its [the Convention's] continued existence in protracted silence, being utilized to postpone the question of Ireland's future status, which is now a question of international importance. The time has surely come for the Government to prove to the Irish people that the fullest self-government is not only possible, but certain, for nationalities within the bounds of the British Empire; otherwise they need not be surprised if an increasing number of Irishmen refuse to accept anything short of complete separation."

In the absence of "fullest self-government," Mr. Lysaght's prediction has been utterly fulfilled. The vast majority has issued its Declaration of Independence. But, the prudent authors of this record venture to assert, Ireland offers "no obstacle to peace," therefore its status has no international importance. This seems to be Mr. Lloyd George's opinion also. How sound is it? Will 150,000 British troops solve the Irish question? It is increasingly unlikely. In offering violence to so clear and indisputable a demand for self-determination, the British government cannot rely on the world's carefully nurtured prejudices, or on its bewilderment, or on its indifference. England's failure to apply to Ireland the principles it has promulgated will do worse than confirm existing suspicion and cynicism. It will set up endless processes of disintegration. Nothing can limit or stop these vitiating processes short of deporting to Mars every ardent believer in self-determination.

F. H.

Stage Disillusion

The Popular Theatre by George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

IN style The Popular Theatre is a series of staccato pieces, in irritated mood, accompanied by all the instruments of percussion that most discourage its author with the modern orchestra. Yet it is less wearying than the formula would lead one to expect, and there is no doubt that what Mr. Nathan has to say is admirably fitted to the way he says it. He is discouraged with the theatre, disgusted with it. Probably nobody else in the United States has attended so many plays as he has, certainly nobody else remembers so many in detail; and his conclusion is that the theatre is no good and never will be any good save as a rather questionable amusement. There is no arguing with him on the matter. He refutes you instantly with instances in showers; he heaves hard data at you until he is tired, and when he stops it is clearly not because he has run out of material. He gives the dates, and the names of the plays, and the names of managers and actors. In the end we get the impression that he is padding with facts as other writers pad with theory, and for this we are inclined to thank him, knowing well it is easy to make our own theories if only the facts are gathered for us.

The main points in his indictment are that the average Broadway audience is of second-year high school grade, that the theatre is bad for literature just as the mouth-harmonica is bad for music, that the American playwright is uneducated, that the audiences of Europe are on a level with our own, that a "music show" is attractive insofar as it insults the intelligence, that criticism of the drama in New York is beneath contempt, that a good play is literature both on and off the stage, that the comedian has improved, that the motion picture machine is a device for degrading life and art, and that in conclusion "the place of the theatre in the community is infinitely less the place of the university, the studio and the art gallery than the place of the circus, the rathskeller and the harem." All this does not hang together very well as a body of critical opinion. Mr. Nathan began his critical career as a reformer, and vestigial reforms are still apparent in some of his propositions, but in the main his attitude has settled into contemptuous acceptance. The hope he sees ahead is disconcertingly meagre—a possible evolution of clown into comedian, a possible realization by producers that it's entertainment that's wanted, and not instruction.

One is led to believe that theatrical art suffers more on close inspection than any other. There must be a workaday side, even a seamy side, to music or painting or architecture, but it is doubtful if even fifteen solid years of critical consideration of these could draw from any man such a volley of objurgation as the theatre has drawn from George Jean Nathan. Perhaps the reason is not far to seek. The playhouse is peculiarly open to corruption and exploitation because it is dominated by audiences, and not by individuals. Widely scattered individual estimates determine the final standing of an architect or a poet, but a collective judgment, a "mob" judgment on its first night, is fairly certain to settle the fate of a play for all time. Then too, as has been pointed out by Mr. Nathan, the ephemeral quality of an actor's popularity inclines him to cynicism and the employment of cheap methods; a thousand influences meet to debase the professional, until it has become a truism that to find an untroubled artistic conscience you must go to the little theatres. Send any other man to view the volume of resultant trash that yearly floods the New York stage, and he will turn from it as deeply despairing as the author of The Popular Theatre. Romain Rolland, after a brief period of experiment with the drama of France, came away with much the same conclusions.

Yet it is only once in a hundred years or so that we get good music or good poetry, and an examination of the records will show that there is always a vast preponderance of mediocre material in the most golden era. Byron's English Bards is solid proof that there was more intolerable verse printed in the Romantic Age of English poetry than in any other epoch, with the possible exception of our own.

No doubt it is a general failing of critics to expect too much when they are young, and too little when they have been disappointed. Within the last fifteen years we have witnessed the production of plays by Ibsen, Hauptmann, Shaw and Synge. If we name no others it must be confessed that the average has been extraordinarily high. Perhaps we are in for a long famine after this comparative plenty, but the worthlessness of the immediate product is no indication that we shall never get anything better, even in the United States, even in New York city, or

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the infamous boards of Broadway.

Still it would be unfair to Mr. Nathan to leave the impression that he has lived in a golden dramatic age without knowing it. There is very little he doesn't know about modern drama. Nor has the scope of his knowledge blunted his taste; it has simply wearied him, worn him out, and left him hopeless. In his estimation the ore is too thin to be worth smelting. The outcome is merely the result of too many bad plays applied to a first-rate intelligence. Meanwhile the published results of his assay are both enjoyable and informing, though the job has cost him his temper and a good deal in philosophy.

M. A.

Constitutional Documents

Documents of the Canadian Constitution, by W. P. M. Kennedy. Toronto: Oxford University Press.

Select Constitutional Documents Illustrating South Africa History, by G. W. Eybers. New York: E. P. Dutton.

PROFESSOR KENNEDY has done a much needed piece of work in admirably competent fashion. His book is a valuable index to the development of Canadian constitutionalism from the beginnings of the British dominion right down to the present time. His own editorial work has been confined to references and short introductory notes, and it is difficult to avoid a certain regret that he has not, in the admirable fashion of Stubbs and Prothero and Gardiner, freely explained his thought upon the results of his researches. This Mr. Eybers has done in an introduction which is little less than a masterpiece of analysis and compression.

Both of these books have a special value to the American student of government because they enable him, almost at first hand, to study the rough material out of which two novel types of federalism have been evolved. Not, indeed, that the materials are fully adequate even in these massive volumes. Mr. Kennedy does not print the Durham Report, and Mr. Eybers omits the vital grants of responsible government to Cape Colony in 1907. But we have at least the minimum necessary to the understanding of two federal systems which, alike in purpose and structure, challenge comparison with the American idea. There has been too little effort in recent years to make such comparison. At least, henceforward, the student cannot complain that the materials are not to hand in accessible form.

All types of federalism have, of course, a special historic background for their explanation. Canada is no exception to the rule. Its federal system owes its origin to the fiscal and governmental inadequacies of the older division, and to the fear that disunity might prove a dangerous source of weakness with a neighbor so vigorous and powerful as the United States. Nor were the frontier problems forgotten. The bonds of steel which inevitably would link east to west were subtler in their demands upon men like Macdonald and Cartier even than the bonds of race. The result was a constitution forged more swiftly than any instrument of so complex a nature. It differed from that of the United States in that no separation of executive from legislative found place therein; on the contrary, room was left for the full development of a parliamentary system analogous to that of Great Britain. No restrictions on legislation such as those implied existent in the American Bill of Rights were introduced, though the power of judicial review very rapidly developed. No residium of legislative powers was left; all subjects were distributed between the provinces and the Dominion. Hardly less striking is the power of the federal government to annul provincial legislation which, as it is deemed, traverses the general welfare of the nation; on this ground, for example, the British Columbia act prohibiting Chinese immigration was disallowed by Ottawa.

The result is a system of which the differences, while they grow out of circumstances peculiar to the Canadian situation, seem to present distinct advantages over the American system. No one who has watched at all carefully Canadian provincial life can doubt that the existence of responsible government makes its politics more real and vivid than those of America. The Dominion has nothing to offer its electors so dramatic as a Presidential election; but the parliamentary system gives to its political life a higher level and greater continuity of interest than is possible in a state where powers are separated. Immediate assessment of the value of an unrestricted legislative system is difficult. It certainly seems stupid that a constitutional amendment should be required in order to enact an income-tax; but the Orders in Council by which popular liberties have been curtailed in Canada during the last four years would suggest, could the corresponding sections of the Espionage act but be tested before the Supreme Court, that the American method has solid advantages about it. Dominion control over provincial legislation—which does not exist in Australia—seems rather a method of evading the responsibilities of the federal system than anything else. The disallowance of the Chinese Exclusion act, for instance, was simple enough for an official at Ottawa where the Chinese problem does not exist; but it hardly assisted the official in British Columbia with a difficult situation on his hands. It is surely better to leave all such questions as do not fall within the purview of the Courts to the localities themselves for settlement. That was the admirable dictum implied in the great opinion of Mr. Justice Holmes in Noble State Band vs. Haskell; and it seems in a special sense important to observe that any other method destroys at the outset the real significance of federalism.

The Union of South Africa is a totally different problem; and Mr. Eybers's admirable introduction gives us a full opportunity to analyze its peculiar character. It is less a federation than a legislative union, though the South African Senate is similar in character to that of the United States. But the provinces in South Africa are hardly states in the American sense of the word. They make not laws but ordinances, the validity of which depends, for practical purposes, on the consent of the Union Premier.

It is of interest to note that the process of constitutional amendment is simpler in South Africa than in Canada, since only a two-thirds majority of the Houses in joint session is required. Special methods were evolved for the protection of the native races in such fashion as virtually to make their administration a matter for the discretion of the central executive. Practically speaking, as Mr. Eybers says, the working of the Constitution depends upon the ability of the Prime Minister. Not only are his theoretical powers immense, but as events have turned out the tendency to centralization increases. The normal principles of democratic government, indeed, remain; but the power of issuing orders and proclamations has on various occasions, as in the famous labor deportations, resulted in grave abuse. The unreality of the provincial governments is

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probably due to the dislike of the litigiousness involved in a federal system; yet it is clear that if the Dutch and British are to develop a general sense of unified nationality a generous degree of cooperation in local affairs is by far the best method of its attainment. Certainly the experience of the four last critical years does not suggest that the difficulties have been overcome.

The reason, perhaps, lies in the suggestion of Mr. Eybers that no certainty yet exists as to the ultimate purpose and organization of the British Empire. If it is to be a strongly centralized federation, of the type envisaged by Mr. Curtis and his disciples, it will be far different from that conception of a commonwealth of nations united only upon the issues of foreign policy which has secured the allegiance of men like Mr. Ewart in Canada, and, clearly, of Mr. Eybers himself. The ultimate problem here is the paramountcy of Great Britain in the alliance. No one can read the documents collected by Professor Kennedy and Mr. Eybers, in the light of the war, without the conviction that anything which savors of the colonial status is already obsolete. Canada and South Africa have attained the position of nations; and the method by which their relations with Great Britain will be determined belongs to the treaty-making branch of administration rather than to legislation. We are on the threshold, that is to say, of a new experiment in confederation. Its basis is to be not so much a division of powers as a division of functions. The accumulated traditions of Downing Street have a special value on the problems of foreign policy and armaments; but no imperial legislation on any internal matters of the self-governing dominions is now possible. The result will naturally irritate the analytic jurist in search of a precise classification. But it is a result which seems likely to work; it avoids the difficulty which comes from the larger population of Great Britain. It provides the basis for self-respect which can come only from a loose relationship of this kind. It evades the thorny problem of secession by means which are at once honest and satisfactory; for the theoretical position of the British Crown troubles no one outside the Dominions. And the obvious inference to be drawn from the presence at Paris of Sir Robert Borden and General Botha as independent plenipotentiaries is the simple fact that the sisterhood of British nations has become a reality. What profit lies in that sisterhood only the next era will reveal.

Even with these vast differences from the American situation the documents collected in these volumes show close kinship to the documents illustrative of American history. The roots of federalism are in each place identical, and the main problem of each is the maintenance of a just balance between central and local governments. Neither Canada nor South Africa has an executive as striking as the President of the United States; but the colleagues with whom their Prime Ministers are provided have greater scope with greater opportunities for the adequate performance of their task. The South African method of constitutional amendment is clearly preferable to that of America, and the Canadian province seems governmentally more adequate than an American state. What is greatly to be desired is a study of federal government in Anglo-Saxon countries which would collect the separate experience of each people for their common advantage. There can be little doubt in the mind of any student that such analysis would reveal the immense possibilities a federal system possesses for discovery in the mechanics of democracy.

H. J. L.

Escaping from Life

Beyond Life, by James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

IT was Bertrand Russell who pointed out that to achieve an unshakeable philosophy it was necessary to dig down through the strata of illusions to a bed rock of despair whereon to build. For most of us this is obviously impossible; we live by illusions. And it is James Branch Cabell's contribution to the discussion that the thing is impossible for everybody, that a clear view of the plight in which the race finds itself would send the strongest minded among us instantly and completely mad.

Beyond Life is philosophy in the guise—and a very transparent guise—of fiction. It is supposed that the author sat all night in the library of John Charteris, an ageing novelist, earnest, sophisticated, urbane, and listened to his exposition of "the material universe—an endless, inconceivable jumble of rotatory blazing gas and frozen spheres and detonating comets, wherethrough spins Earth like a frail midge." It is supposed that Charteris talked these three hundred and fifty pages of engaging English without cessation, spinning his yarn endlessly, charmingly through the cosmos, from Christopher Marlowe to Booth Tarkington, and on out into infinity. And it is supposed that the auditor sat through without impatience, without going to sleep. This last might seem to be a preposterous assumption, but, having read the book, I am inclined to credence. Sometimes for the argument, more often by some indefinite seduction of style, the whole is unfailingly interesting.

Mr. Cabell cries out against realism in life and literature because it robs us of the will to go on, and cries up romance, not only as an essential anodyne in an existence so miserable, but also as the secret of all progress, of all betterment. "For, . . . Sophocles notes clearly that veracity is the one unpardonable sin, not merely against art, but against human welfare." He picks the Cinderella story as the true type of the romantic, "an inevitable very public triumph of the down-trodden—with all imaginable pomp and fanfare." It matters nothing to him that in real life Cinderella would have fared otherwise. If we maintain our morale on this planet by a belief in poetic justice laughably out of consonance with justice as it exists, then, he argues, it would be the height of folly to go systematically about the destruction of the misapprehension. As a nation at war needs patriotism to blind it to the crude horror and nastiness of death in the trenches, so humanity needs a tissue of lies about life and the ends of life to cover from sight the unendurable predicament of mankind. In the story of Christ he finds a cosmic Cinderella story—a story of the lowly exalted not alone among men, among gods also; and this story of Christ is only the dramatization of what every Christian may predict for himsef. To enter into heaven out of a humble life on earth is to be Cinderella indeed.

Evolution, to Mr. Cabell, is the realization of successive fictions. We delude ourselves that things are better with us than they are, and within a cycle of years they become as we imagine them. "To spin romances is, indeed, man's proper and peculiar function in a world wherein he only of created beings can make no profitable use of the truth about himself. For man alone of animals plays the ape to his dreams." Given this attitude toward the world it follows that all literature divides itself into two classes, books that demean and books that glorify, headed respectively by Timon of Athens and Macbeth. We must throw a

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glamour about virtue, and hold up vice to scorn. Beyond Life follows out this theory to the very verge of absurdity, and perhaps even beyond, by admitting Harold Bell Wright to a worthy place in the universal scheme, as an artist in "uplift." But a little further and we should find ourselves grading all literature by its approximation to the Elsie books and accounting defective eyesight a considerable moral asset. It would seem that men must look sharply about them, if only to discover the direction in which to move.

This unsoundness of Mr. Cabell as a critic of literature is only the corollary of his fundamental fallacy as a critic of life. He asks us to follow our dreams, or in other words our instinctive reactions, to put out the lantern and grope ahead in the dark. Human reason is dim enough, unsatisfactory enough, and it lights a gloomy prospect, but it is better than the pit-blackness of pure impulse, better than the drugged sleep of pure romance. M. A.

Five Somewhat Historical Plays, by Philip Moeller. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

LAST year Mr. Philip Moeller hitched his wagon to the star of comedy. If Madame Sand in its two-our traffic moved from love to love, off again and on gain, quite too fast usually to be seriously swallowed as omedy, it made at least a delightful enough farce. In it hopin, Heine, Alfred de Musset and the rest passed ver the stage, true or false to their historical selves as ings went with the play, often satisfying one way or nother, as imagination, as humor, as sheer impersonation id make-up. In the Five Plays great names still rule. he threadbare ménage á trois of Paris, Helen and Mene-us comes first in the book. Du Barry gives The Little pper. Shakespeare and Bacon and Hamlet—limp, it ust be said, through the poorest of the pieces, and Poco-ntas and Captain John Smith rough it through an act-le enough burlesque. And in Myra's lovely garden illah is imitating the ladies of Baborah who are all imitat-g the apochryphal Susanna, who had made herself the ater of an adorable court scandal by bathing in her rden and being spied on by the elders. The Sisters of sanna, full of elders and parrots and Biblical minarets the best thing out of the five.

The playwright has not hitched very high on the matic post. The historical irreverence, boasted on the per cover, might ruffle and delight heroic infants from historical nursery. But it cuts too thinly into ideas to far into the joys of iconoclasm. Thanks to Mr. Shaw know how history can be trounced and invigorated at same time. And some of Mr. Moeller's hits are only homoric; showing thus how one can be naughty but ocent; how one can shoot, like the enemies of the sketeers, at things that are dead already. But the five ys make good enough burlesque, far and away ahead most. They will be welcomed by little theatres and enlightened amateurs who have worn out Lady Gregory Food and Suppressed Desires. And they might be come to such as are in the throes of gift-making, for r gay binding, yellow and green as a macaw.

Contributors

JOHN GALSWORTHY, English novelist and playwright, now in this country.

SIDNEY WEBB, English economist and author.

LAJPAT RAI, a prominent Hindu nationalist living at present in the United States.

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